

VOL. 10, NO. 24

January 1, 1983

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Gay Community News

A WEEKLY FOR LESBIANS AND GAY MALES

BIPAD: 65498



GayCommunityNews

Vol. 10, No. 24

(617) 426-4469

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January 1, 1983

FBI Searches NAMBLA Members' Homes

By Larry Goldsmith
and Bob Nelson

NEW YORK — Federal agents carrying search warrants broke into the empty homes of two men on Sunday, December 19, ransacking their apartments and seizing files and personal effects, apparently as part of a concerted investigation by local and federal authorities into the North American Man/Boy Love Association (NAMBLA).

The same day, FBI agents visited the homes of at least five New York City men who have served on the NAMBLA steering committee. In those cases, pairs of agents without warrants called at the door to say they were conducting a block-to-block search for two unnamed fugitives. The agents requested entry into the apartments and asked the men to identify photographs of adult men and boys.

Only one many of the five allowed the agents into his apartment. "They held up their FBI card to my peephole . . . [and] said they wanted to talk to me, so I went outside the door and talked to them," he told *GCN*. "They showed me some photos of boys and then some photos of men. A couple were photocopies, not glossies. They asked me if I recognized any of these men. I told them that I did not. One said to the other, 'What about the organization?' and then they asked me 'Are you a member of NAMBLA?' I said 'I'm on the mailing list,' which was a stupid thing to say."

The agents then asked the man if they could step inside his apartment, and he allowed them in.

"They snooped around. They looked at pictures of me and my brother taken 33 years ago with our arms around each other, but I

told them who it was," he recalled. "They asked me a barrage of nonsense questions."

NAMBLA spokesperson Brian Quinby told *GCN* he believes the FBI visits and searches are related to the December 3 arrest of NAMBLA members David Groat and Brett Portman. Local police from Wareham, Massachusetts and Jersey City, New Jersey arrested Groat, Portman and Harold Baker III after a week-long surveillance operation culminating in a raid on a private cottage in Wareham. All three were charged with having sex with a minor and police seized NAMBLA publications, files and what they described as "child pornography."

The sex charges against Baker were dropped after he agreed to cooperate with prosecutors, but a Middlesex County grand jury has passed down indictments for Groat and Portman on two counts

each of having sex with boys under the age of 14. The new indictments mean the defendants may face trial in superior court as well as in district court. Baker still faces a kidnapping charge related to the transportation of one of the alleged "victims."

Quinby told *GCN* he believes police may have seized an outdated roster of the NAMBLA steering committee in the Wareham raid because all the men visited by the FBI formerly served on that committee.

A spokesperson in the FBI New York City office declined comment on the investigation and refused to confirm or deny the existence of the search warrants. He did confirm, however, that the Bureau had received photographs for testing and identification.

Bob Rhodes and Wayne Sunday, the two men whose apartments were searched, had both been away when the FBI broke into their apartments to execute the warrants. Sunday returned from his grandfather's funeral to find his apartment ransacked and a copy of the search warrant and inventory of seized items left behind. The warrant specifically authorized a search of the apartment for "latent fingerprints, palm prints and other similar impressions which constitute evidence of the commission of violations of Title 18 United States Code, Sections 2251, 2252, 2423, 1201, 1952 and 1465."

The statutes cited include the "Protection of Children Against Sexual Exploitation Act of 1977," along with sections concerning kidnapping, interstate transportation of minors for purposes of sexual activity or prostitution and the transportation of obscene matter for sale or distribution. FBI agents had dusted for fin-

gerprints and removed several impressions from locations throughout the apartment. An inventory sheet left with the search warrant indicated that the following items were removed: "Miscellaneous documentation, including personal letters and bills, two reels of tape, one metal file box containing index cards 3 x 5, telephone address book [and] numerous negatives and photographs of male juveniles." Sunday told *GCN* he was unsure which "documentation" had been taken, but said the reels of tape were recorded music, the file cards were financial records of pledges made to the NAMBLA Emergency Defence Fund, and the address book was an old, unimportant personal list.

Sunday also noted that the FBI agents had eaten a box of chocolate covered cherries left in the refrigerator and left the wrappers scattered on the apartment floor.

In addition to being a member of NAMBLA since the group's founding in 1978, Sunday served on the NAMBLA steering committee from April 1979 to September 1982, worked with the New York Gay Activist Alliance from 1971 to 1979, the WBAI radio Gay Men's Department until its dissolution in January 1982 and the New York Coalition for Lesbian and Gay rights (CLGR) steering committee in 1978-80.

According to a resolution adopted at the sixth national NAMBLA conference held last October in Philadelphia (see *GCN*, Vol. 10, No. 14), the goals and purposes of NAMBLA include "building a support network for men and boys involved in any mutually consensual relationship, educating the public on the benevolent nature of man/boy love,

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Distributor Sues Norfolk Over Confiscation of *Taxi*

By Jil Clark

NORFOLK, VA — An international film distributor is suing the city of Norfolk in an attempt to recover a copy of the award-winning film *Taxi Zum Klo* which officials seized on October 5 and declared contraband last month (see *GCN*, Vol. 9, No. 16).

Taxi Zum Klo, follows the misadventures of a young man in Berlin who teaches elementary school in a staid manner but on his own time lives a considerably less orthodox gay life (see review *GCN*, Vol. 9, No. 18).

Supporters of the Naro Expanded Cinema, which shows re-runs and art films, had expected that the owners would fight the confiscation on constitutional grounds and that the court battle would result in a clarification of the city's definition of obscenity. However, faced with five separate violations of the city's obscenity ordinances, owners Tench Phillips and Thomas Vourlas Pleaded guilty to a misdemeanor charge of exhibiting an obscene film, for which they were fined \$250 plus \$20 in court costs.

As a result of the owners' action, the film is contraband here. Although city attorney Philip Trapani has refused to comment on the case because it is pending, he did tell a reporter from *Our Own*, the local lesbian and gay male monthly, that seized materials such as films, magazines and "all types of pornography" would eventually be destroyed.

"Unquestionably, the film was found obscene without any formal trial about what is obscene," said American Civil Liberties Union attorney John Levy, who is drafting the suit on behalf of Promotion International, *Taxi's* distributor. Levy will present the complaint in the Norfolk division of the U.S. District Court of Eastern Virginia this week.

GCN asked Levy whether Norfolk officials can legally confiscate and destroy the property of a company in New York, where it is not considered pornographic. Levy said there is no law which answers this question.

The city's action has already had a chilling effect on the exercise of constitutionally protected

freedoms: Naro theatre owners told *GCN* last month that they cancelled a showing of a film because they did not know whether city officials would consider it pornographic; John Tilley, vice-president of marketing for the New York-based distributor, said he is being "very careful about where we're dating the film." Tilley explained that the company "can't afford to lose any more prints" of *Taxi*.

"We are suffering the loss of it [the print]. We have very few. And this particular print happens to have been made in Germany, so the actual replacement cost is \$2,500 plus \$700 shipment. This of course is not as significant as the lost bookings."

Levy said that while his client's "first and only request is to get the property back," he hopes that the court, in the course of settling the lawsuit, will create some guidelines to aid theatre owners in determining in advance whether a film fits Norfolk's definition of obscenity.

On the night that Naro showed *Taxi* 500 people attended. Among them were Corporal L.R. Barnard of the vice squad and Chief Magistrate R.H. Carwan. At the conclusion of the film they wrote an affidavit authorizing the confiscation of the film.

According to the affidavit, the critically-acclaimed film is "graphically obscene" and has as a dominant theme "a shameful, morbid interest in homosexual love affairs" that contains "no serious medical, artistic or literary material and [goes] beyond the limits and candor of social acceptability."

The warrant also reads, "The movie depicted, in a graphic fashion, oral sodomy between males, anal sodomy between males, male masturbation, urination, sadism, and other distasteful activities that were sexual in nature."

After viewing the film on October 15, the city attorney prepared a four-page, single-spaced description of *Taxi*. *Our Own* reports that a typical paragraph of the summary begins with the sentence, "The scene shifts to CC's [central character's] apartment where we see the two men in bed

together, with CC performing fellatio on the man he has picked up, kissing and fondling him with close up of the fellatio and genitals of both."

It has been years since the city has leveled pornography charges against what Trapani refers to as the "legitimate" theatre; consequently, much attention is riveted on the banning of *Taxi*.

Following the confiscation, Phillips told *GCN* that he believes that officials objected to the explicitness of the sex in the film, not the gender of the participants. He added that several films with gay themes have played at the Naro in the last few years, in-

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Arkansas Sodomy Law Challenged in Court

By Jil Clark

LITTLE ROCK — A federal appeals court is deliberating whether to strike down the Arkansas sodomy law.

The statute in question, which pertains to homosexuals only, was passed in 1977, two years after legislators repealed a long-standing law which prohibited the practice of sodomy between heterosexuals as well.

The appellant in the case is Charles Lloyd Lemons, who was arrested for having sex with another man in Hot Springs National Park last February. Paul Gordon, Lemons' attorney is challenging the conviction on the grounds that the existing statute denies homosexuals equal protection under the law and abridges their privacy rights.

Gordon also argues that his client's conviction constitutes cruel and unusual punishment "because the court is not punishing conduct, it is punishing status; it is punishing a whole class of people, which is clearly forbidden by the Eighth Amendment." Gordon cited a 1962 U.S. Supreme Court ruling striking down a state law which applied only to drug addicts.

If the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals in Saint Louis declares the law unconstitutional, it will be the highest court in the country to rule on such a law, Gordon said.

The appellate court has been deliberating since September and Sandra Kurjiaka, an attorney with the American Civil Liberties Union here, believes this is "a hopeful sign . . . If we lose in the end, they at least gave it a lot of time and thought."

Instead of plea bargaining, as is usually done in such cases, Lemons moved prior to trial for dismissal of the charges on the grounds that the statute is unconstitutional. Federal District Judge Oren Harris upheld the state's new sodomy law just as he had upheld the old unnatural acts statute ten years earlier. Harris sentenced Lemons to 90 days in jail.

GCN asked State Representative Irma Hunter Brown, a supporter of lesbian and gay rights, whether she or any of her colleagues is planning to challenge the sodomy law in the legislature. She replied, "No, I have no plans to do so at the present time. Nobody from the community has brought that up and to be very honest with you, people will never

change unless they are forced to. We are in the so-called bible belt, the heart of the conservative Baptist movement. To come out publicly on certain issues is not a way to get re-elected."

State Representative Jerry King, a minister of the Assembly of God Church in Hackett, supports the new sodomy law, although he readily acknowledges that it is discriminatory. "I think what heterosexuals do within the framework of marriage is up to them as to their sexual activity . . . [The passage in the Bible about] Sodom and Gomorrah is about homosexual activity, not heterosexual activity."

The legislature last year passed a resolution proposed by King which prohibits what King calls "the teaching of homosexuality" on the campuses of the state university. King defended the resolution "on the basis of separation of church and state."

"By his standard," Kurjiaka countered, "the sodomy law is unconstitutional and he [as a minister] shouldn't be sitting in this House."

Kurjiaka continued, "After the vote on his proposal, several legis-

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News Notes



unidos en la lucha

LOS ANGELES — Lesbians and gay men in this city observed the fourth anniversary of the murder of Harvey Milk by joining a United Farm Workers picket line at a local supermarket.

The Reader, a Los Angeles weekly, reports that members of Gay and Lesbian Latinos Unidos and the Southern California Harvey Milk Lesbian and Gay Democratic Club were among the 30 picketers at a Lucky's supermarket on November 27.

The UFW has been picketing Lucky's each week-

end since July 19 because the supermarket chain, the largest in the state, continues to purchase lettuce from Bruce Church, Inc., which has been found in violation of labor laws for failing to bargain in good faith with the union. The UFW is also calling for a boycott of Dole products.

The Reader quotes a UFW representative as saying Bruce Church has lost \$300,000 as a result of the boycott.

anarchography

BALTIMORE — A group of women here is seeking material for a proposed book about anarchist-feminist women.

Tentatively called *Emma's Daughters*, the book will include both new and previously published articles, poetry, fiction and artwork, preferably of a non-academic, personal nature. It is suggested that submissions might address the questions: How did you come to be an anarchist? How is anarchism linked with feminism in your life? How do you live your beliefs?

Submissions are sought from women who feel closely aligned with anti-authoritarian ideas regardless of whether they label themselves anarchists.

Three copies of double-spaced typed manuscripts, together with stamped, self-addressed envelopes, should be sent by February 1 to Carol Ehrlich, 4502 Weitzel Ave., Baltimore, MD 21214.

an important step

EUGENE, OR — The Eugene city council has reaffirmed a policy protecting city employees from being fired because of their sexual preference.

City councilor Gretchen Miller on December 9 made public a city attorney's opinion upholding the policy, which was adopted in 1978 after a non-discrimination ordinance was defeated by voters in a referendum.

The city policy protects only permanent city employees and does not apply to hiring procedures. "It's an important step for Eugene citizens," said Dana Weinstein of Right to Privacy, a lesbian and gay organization, "but it is only a step. We will be going for a much broader policy statement soon."

Right to Privacy requested the city attorney's opinion because, they said, the policy has gone unnoticed by both administrators and by the city's lesbian and gay employees.

sinful dancing

HAMILTON, ONTARIO — The Salvation Army of this city has rejected a gay organization's offer to donate the proceeds from a dance the organization will sponsor not because it disapproves of gay sex but because it disapproves of dancing.

Gay Niagara News reports that Salvation Army Major Ray Pond claimed dancing was sinful when Hamilton United Gay Societies (HUGS) offered to collect toys as admission to its Christmas dance and to donate the toys to the Salvation Army's Christmas toy drive for needy children. Pond said statistics prove that dancing leads to divorce when participants dance with partners other than their spouses.

"Heterosexual marriages must be very fragile if merely dancing with people other than one's spouse can destroy the relationship," commented Hamilton gay activist Tim Veysey.

Several other social service agencies have since told HUGS they will be glad to accept the toys.

funds for accessibility

CAMBRIDGE, MA — The Cambridge Women's Center has opened a fundraising drive to further its plan to make the Center accessible to physically challenged women.

The Center needs about \$5,000 to pay for a chairlift to allow women in wheelchairs to enter the building. There is not enough land to accommodate a ramp, which would cost less.

The Center succeeded in raising the money to buy a teletype machine earlier this year so that hearing-impaired women can use the Center's telephone.

Tax deductible donations can be mailed to Chairlift Fund, The Women's Center, 46 Pleasant Street, Cambridge, MA 02139.

a public service

CEDAR GROVE, NJ — Full-page advertisements in a number of lesbian and gay publications warning gay men of the dangers of hepatitis B infections and informing them about Heptavax-B, a new vaccine against the disease, are being paid for by the manufacturer of the vaccine.

Although the ads include the statement "This message is brought to you as a public service by The American Liver Foundation," an undated press release from the Foundation reveals that the "extensive educational outreach program," which consists of the ads, is funded by a grant from Merck Sharpe & Dohme, the sole manufacturer of Heptavax-B. The ads do not mention Merck Sharpe & Dohme.

According to the press release, the program was designed to supplement coverage of the vaccine in the gay press "to enhance this effort to help prevent this disease that causes tremendous human suffering and economic burden to our nation."

News Notes compiled this week by David Morris.

NAMBLA

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cooperating with the lesbian, gay and other movements for sexual liberation and supporting the liberation of persons of all ages from sexual prejudice and oppression."

On Monday, December 20, the Boston *Herald American*, in its last day of publication as a Hearst newspaper, ran a sensationalistic full-page article extensively quoting Wareham Detective Jack Russell, who "noted a 'remarkable resemblance' . . . between photographs confiscated during a raid on a man-boy love club and photographs of a 6-year-old who disappeared in New York in 1979." The article, introduced by a two-inch cover headline asking "DID SEX CLUB TRAP THIS BOY?", strongly suggested a connection between NAMBLA and the disappearance of the boy, even while quoting the child's parents as saying they were unable to confirm that photographs seized in Wareham were of their son. Similar stories were picked up by the New York *Post*, and the Associated Press.

The next day, the *Herald*, in its first day of publication as a Rupert Murdoch newspaper, ran a much smaller article quoting a New York City detective as saying the boy's parents "didn't think it was their boy and they expressed some doubt they would recognize

him if it was." The New York *Post*, also a Murdoch publication, ran an article headlined "PARENTS DOUBT SEX CLUB PHOTO IS OF THEIR SON."

GCN contacted Stanley Patz, father of the missing six-year-old Etan Patz, by telephone on Tuesday, December 21 to ask about the photograph.

"We don't have any conclusions," Patz told *GCN*. "The police and the FBI showed us a photograph, a head shot of a little boy, on Saturday, and my wife and I feel that it's not Etan."

GCN asked Patz if he suspected his son's disappearance might be connected to the activities of NAMBLA. "I don't suspect anything," Patz replied. "All I know is my child has been missing for three and a half years and we routinely are shown photographs of boys to see if there are any possibilities."

Asked if he or his wife had seen the photograph before talking to the *Herald American*, Patz expressed puzzlement.

"The Boston *Herald*? I don't think we spoke to anyone from the Boston *Herald American*. Is that the scandal sheet? Is that the one that was just taken over by Murdoch?" Patz asked. "It's a scandal sheet, you shouldn't believe one word that's written in it."

Psychologist and *Herald* reporter Dr. Jane Shaw maintains that she did speak to Patz. "I talked to him and I talked to his wife

Arkansas

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as well," Shaw told *GCN*. "When I finished writing the article I was so concerned about accuracy that I called the Patz's back in New York City and I read it to them over the telephone," she added.

GCN asked Patz if he thought the police were handling his son's case well.

"In New York, yes. In Massachusetts, no," Patz replied. "I think that man [Wareham Detective] Jack Russell has his mouth open too wide and I think his superiors are going to come down with all the boots they can find on his head . . . He's clearly out of line. It's not what cops are supposed to do. They're not supposed to be a public relations organization. It's an open police case. They should be keeping their mouths closed."

Repeated telephone calls placed by *GCN* to Russell and his superiors were not returned, but Wareham Officer Arthur Brightman told *GCN* on Tuesday that "the photo has been sent to New York. Now, we're 95 percent sure it's him [Patz], but we're sending out

the photos we have to them for comparison and what not."

In response to a question from *GCN*, Brightman said he was una-

lators said to me, 'I didn't want to vote for that garbage.' But they were chicken not to. If any of those people had received two or three notes or phone calls from constituents they would have opposed it. The same goes for the sodomy law."

Since 1980, the sodomy laws of Pennsylvania, New York and Texas have been eliminated but Arkansas and 22 other states still have similar prohibitions on their books. However, said Gordon, in Arkansas the legislators and police "don't really mean it." "They don't care what you do as long as they can say you are wrong and it is illegal," Gordon said. "Legislators get together once a year a speak platitudes about the wonderful United States. [Back in 1977] someone must have pointed out that there were no laws against homosexuals in their state, so they had to pass one. But then they all went home and invited the local hairdresser and the florist to their parties and said, 'Sorry about that law but we had to . . .'"

"If you get up and say you

ware of articles in the *Herald* and the New York *Post* reporting the Patz's doubts about the photograph.

— filed from Boston and New York

think gay people are wonderful, you'd have the entire congregation of the First Baptist Church up in arms. But if you and your lover want to show up at the church social and discuss your recipes and dogs (because you can't have children), they think, 'Aren't they a sweet couple.' You're just eccentric to them."

Lemon's arrest was a mistake to begin with, said Gordon. "No one informed this brand new trooper down there in the park that you don't arrest people for doing that."

Gordon and Kuriaka both noted that incidents of "queer bashing" are rare in Arkansas. "Nobody bothers us because we haven't asked for anything," said Kuriaka. "We're not a threat. But I'm working against the closedness here. I can't stand seeing people feel the world will end if they come out . . . On the other hand, look at what happens when you do get visibility. Look at the bar [Blue's] in New York and other bars in large cities."

— filed from Boston

New York Bar Accused of Racist Policies

By David France

NEW YORK — A weekly informational picket against a New York gay bar for its racially discriminatory door policy has resulted in the cancellation of a five-week women's music series at the bar.

The picket at the Ice Palace, sponsored by Black and White Men Together (BWMT) of New

York, began in November 1981 (see *GCN*, Vol.10, No.22). At that time, BWMT conducted a discrimination documentation test at the disco and found that the bar functions under what they believe to be a quota system. Blacks, the anti-racist organization claims, are admitted selectively and face exclusion, particularly if not

escorted by whites. BWMT members have filed charges with the New York State Division of Human Rights and have conducted an occasional picket line in front of the bar.

Three weeks ago, after the advertisements had already been released to the press, BWMT learned that the Ice Palace, along

with Lisa Vogel of the Michigan Women's Music Festival, was producing a month-long series of women's concerts. "It seemed to us," said Henry Weinhoff, co-chair of BWMT's political action committee, "that the Ice Palace was attempting two things: that it was trying to offer something new to New York, namely women's music, in an attempt to recover from the bad press that it has rightfully gotten since we began picketing, and it was also trying to capitalize on the loss of two of the women's bars here," which have recently had their liquor licenses revoked (see *GCN*, Vol.10, No.11). "And we felt it incumbent on us to reiterate the issue of the bar's racism to the potential new clientele."

The leaflets, which they began distributing on the second night of the concerts, recounted the history of the struggle with the bar and called the series an "effort to smokescreen racism." It requested that, "like those who lend tacit support to apartheid by performing in South Africa, we ask the musicians, singers and patrons to not patronize the Ice Palace while its management refuses to acknowledge and change its racist policies."

During a concert by Black performer Linda Tillery, on the first night, nearly half of the women who came to hear the concert chose not to enter. When Deuce, an all-white band, performed the following week, more than a third of their fans supported the boycott by not going in. The rest of the series, including performances by IBIS, a Black group, and the Harp Band, a white group, were then cancelled by the bar's management, according to the performers.

"None of us had any ideas of

the boycott when we signed our contracts," said Jean Feinberg, co-leader of Deuce. "The last thing that we wanted to do was to play in a club with racist policies," she said. Similar statements were voiced by most of the other bands reached by *GCN* for comment.

Speaking for promoter Lisa Vogel, who was unavailable for comment, Konda Mason said that neither she nor Vogel had been aware of the BWMT action when they signed their contract. "Our stance is this," she said, "whatever the things they've done in the past in terms of discrimination, I have no question about. But we decided that if it is change that we want to make, then Lisa and me going in there and taking control of Wednesday nights, and making it very clear that there will be no racist policies, will bring about those changes."

Misgivings were raised concerning BWMT's actions. Most perplexing to the women in attendance was the question of boycotting the performances of community artists. "This is where Lisa and I disagreed with what the demonstrators' stance was," said Mason, who is also a member of IBIS, one of the groups which was cancelled. "For them to boycott a mid-week women's performance is not going to close the club down. It is the individual artists who are losing here, because there are very few places in the city that will pay a woman artist to play."

"Our intent was not to close down the series nor to injure the individuals and groups who had contracted with the Ice Palace," said BWMT's Wiemhoff. He added that his organization is currently investigating alternative spaces for the affected groups to perform.

New Yorkers Prepare For Eleventh Attempt To Pass Gay Rights Bill

By Bob Nelson

NEW YORK — For the sixth time in 12 years, the New York gay community is marshalling its forces to pass a gay civil rights bill for the city.

When introduced in 1971 under pressure from the now-defunct Gay Activist Alliance, the bill was the first of its kind anywhere in the country, but over 40 local governments and the state of Wisconsin have since outlawed discrimination on the basis of sexual preference. The current bill in New York would prohibit such discrimination in employment, public accommodations, housing and banking.

"We do think it will be tough sledding," said Carol Bellamy, president of the city council and the bill's chief co-sponsor. Indeed, the gay civil rights bill has been the most perennially controversial issue to face the city council. The bill has been defeated on ten different votes, in committee, on discharge motions and once on the floor of the city council in 1974.

Conservative religious groups and the Policeman's Benevolent Association, a city police union, have lead civic opposition to the bill. Both majority leader Tom Cuite (D-Brooklyn) and council member Aileen Ryan (D-Bronx) have built political reputations on the obstructionist role they have played against gay rights. Ryan chairs the general welfare committee, where the gay rights bill is usually referred and defeated. Cuite is notorious for backroom arm-twisting that deprives the bill of the two or three votes it needs each year to pass.

Although gay lobbying efforts have created an obstinate, polarized opposition, activists in the Coalition for Lesbian and Gay Rights (CLGR) remain optimistic that 1983 will be remembered as the year New York passed the gay rights bill. "We have 16 co-sponsors this time around, instead of 11 last year," noted Andy Humm of CLGR. "And this is the first time the bill is being introduced specifically at the request of the mayor and the city comptroller. Governor-elect Cuomo also issued a statement, the first time in history a New York governor has supported a gay rights bill."

Although the backing of the mayor and the city comptroller are simple formalities, it is possible that some city council members will be impressed by the lobbying that produced the endorsements. But CLGR press releases specify that "at least 18 co-sponsors" would introduce the bill, a figure the organizers apparently were unable to attain. In the 45-member city council, the bill will need 23 votes to pass.

More important, however, is the fact that the current council is the product of the first local election held to fill council seats in three years. In September 1981, the Justice Department ruled that a reapportionment plan for council districts submitted after the 1980 census did not fairly represent racial minorities. A federal court later ruled that the election

of ten council members as at-large borough delegates was unconstitutional because it violated the "one man, one vote" rule. While the problem of the at-large council members remains unresolved, council elections were held in newly-redrawn districts this November with the addition of seven new council members and the possibility of several new "yes" votes for the bill.

"I have a gut feeling we can pass it this time around," said council member Robert Steingut, a Democratic at-large member from Brooklyn, at a strategy session with gay and lesbian leaders on November 18. Both council members and gay activists speculated that re-elected majority leader Tom Cuite might drop his opposition to the bill under pressure from Brooklyn Democratic leader Meade Esposito, who has attended gay functions such as the Human Rights Campaign Fund Dinner last September. Since Esposito reportedly provided campaign funds for Cuite to fight off reform challenger Steve DiBrienza, activists thought Esposito might have some leverage over Cuite's position on gay rights. Yet others point out that both Mayor Koch and Carol Bellamy supported Cuite for re-election and that Cuite has been impervious to lobbying from any source in the past.

Much of the planning that has gone on around the gay rights bill has been devoted to lobbying tactics that might be pursued to convince recalcitrant members to vote for gay rights. In past years, even co-sponsors of the bill have been known to vote against it at the last minute, demonstrating the need for community organizing in individual districts. But CLGR has avoided rallies or demonstrations in members' home districts on the theory that to raise the issue in the conservative outer boroughs could provoke a backlash. "It's a tactic that can easily backfire," said city comptroller Harrison J. Goldin at another strategy session on December 15. "I would not recommend it."

Instead, gay Democratic clubs in Manhattan, Brooklyn, the Bronx and Queens have tried to mobilize their memberships to phone or write their council members on the issue. Gay Democratic district leader Gary Deane of Brooklyn and Ethan Geto of the public relations firm of Geto & DeMilly said at the November 18 meeting that they had each contacted two of the newly-elected council members. Those members reportedly said they would be willing to vote for the bill as long as there was no advance mention of their vote.

Although the city's gay community has been gearing up for another political season, it is unlikely the bill will come to a vote before March. The gay civil rights bill was formally introduced on December 14 but it must "age" 30 days before consideration by the general welfare committee,

whose membership will not be known before the next council meeting on January 5. A period of 60 days will then be allotted for testimony on the bill, which is likely to draw the same crowd of pro-family and anti-abortionist groups on the right side of the council chambers and gay and feminist activists on the left side that have attended year after year.

At a press conference held on December 16 to announce the bill's introduction, there was no shortage of optimism. "It's a known fact that a substantial portion of the city of New York is gay or lesbian and now those people are becoming active," said Ruth Messenger, (D-Manhattan), who has served as the bill's chief co-sponsor in past years. Added Carol Bellamy to a question from a CBS/Channel 2 news reporter, "Public sentiment has never been dramatically against the bill. If you ask people about what's on their mind, they'll tell you it's the subways, garbage, crime. I don't see any dramatic anti feeling this year."

Rural Ohio Sex Busts, Local Media Coverage Anger Gay Community

By David Morris

LANCASTER, OH — Gay residents of this area are angry about the recent arrests of 60 men at a highway rest stop on sex charges and about the extensive coverage of the arrests in the local news media, but their anger has not found an outlet in organized protest.

The arrests, which occurred between November 22 and December 3, followed a two-week investigation at a rest stop on Route 33 in rural Fairfield County, just southeast of Columbus, during which eight deputy sheriffs used video cameras and concealed microphones to record the activities of the men there. Sixty men, ranging in age from 19 to 68, were arrested on charges of sexual imposition, public indecency and importuning.

An official in the sheriff's office told *GCN* the investigation was begun after several cases of assault and armed robbery and complaints about sexual activity at the rest stop. An article in the Columbus *Dispatch* quotes Fairfield County Sheriff Jim Peck as saying that allowing sexual activity to continue there could lead to "homocides or shootings." The official told *GCN* that the sexual activity and the assaults and robberies were "all intertwined in there somewhere" but that the only arrests had been for sex.

In response to requests from Sheriff Peck, all three Columbus television stations and both major newspapers gave lengthy coverage to the arrests. An article in the *Dispatch* listed the names, ages,

addresses and places of employment of the 60 men, including a pressman for the *Dispatch*.

Twenty-five of the men who pleaded guilty and 28 who pleaded no contest were found guilty in Lancaster Municipal Court and given fines of up to \$500, suspended sentences of up to 60 days and probation of up to four years. The remaining seven men, who entered not guilty pleas, are awaiting hearings.

Public statements by gay activists and a number of letters to the editor of the *Dispatch* have criticized the paper's coverage of the arrests. Craig Covey of Stonewall Union, who called the coverage "overkill," is quoted in the *Dispatch* as saying, "I don't like

Confiscation

Continued from page 1

cluding *La Cage aux Folles*, *Victor Victoria*, and *Personal Best*.

Phillips added, however, that he thinks it was the homosexual theme of *Taxi*, as described in the theater's October flyer, that snagged the attention of Barnard and Carawan in the first place.

Jim Early, a writer for *Our own*, believes that the confiscation is entirely motivated by homophobia. "Barnard and Carawan betrayed this fact when they wrote in the affidavit that the film showed 'a shameful, morbid interest in homosexual love affairs.' Can you imagine them saying the same thing about heterosexual love affairs?"

Contacted by *GCN*, Carawan refused to comment about whether

the idea that if you are using a roadside rest you run the risk of being filmed. I think some innocent people were spied upon. I find the whole idea appalling."

Little has been said in public about the arrests themselves. "We were afraid to be seen defending public sex," Covey later told *GCN*. "In Columbus we haven't gotten that far yet."

In a press release, Bryan Knedler, public relations chair of the Ohio State University Gay Alliance, wrote, "Gay community members seem divided over a response. Some people feel that the men deserve to be arrested while others are outraged over the entrapment and published names."

— filed from Boston

it is to the homosexuality per se that he objects in the film. He did criticize the film, however: "It's a piece of trash. I don't think it has any artistic merit at all."

Tilley said that the censorship in Norfolk surprised him because the film has played without incident in locales less cosmopolitan than Norfolk, which has a population of over a million. Significantly, most of the bookings were in college towns, he said.

Now in the 15th month of its release in the U.S., the film is "doing quite well," Tilley said.

Taxi's second showing in Virginia is scheduled for February 1 to 3 in Charlottesville, said Tilley. "I may regret having booked it there."

— filed from Boston

Community Voices

The GCN staff wishes everyone a Happy New Year. Over the next six months, we will be bringing you special features, projects, and nifty things to do to celebrate our tenth anniversary year with us. It has been a tough year, but we are coming out of it stronger and better than ever before. We are taking a week off (so this paper has to last you for two weeks) but we'll see you in 1983!

seizures

Dear GCN AND GCN Readers,

I wish to commend Maida Tilchen on her article on *Gays and Epilepsy*: as an epileptic involved in active research on the subject, I have never seen a more straight-forward, broad-in-scope piece of writing on the difficulties one may encounter in working with this disability.

And a person with "behavioral" seizures, I was pleased to see seizures described as varying "forms of behavior that occur," rather than as the sometimes frightening descriptions one may find in the standard literature (of major convulsions, of "viscious" attacks, etc.). Perhaps the next time I am faced with seeking aid from the medical/social establishment I will not be faced with attempting to explain, at a time when my language is jumbled or incoherent, that such a clinical picture is a seizure, time-limited, and that hospitalization or commitment on the basis of psychiatric diagnosis is unwarranted.

The common medical/psychiatric/behavioral stigma, *officially* removed from both the gay and epileptic communities in recent years may seem one of the strongest bonds in issues. In fact, a proportion of epileptics experience alternate or alternating sexual preference in association with their seizures.

Having to deal with differences in others is something society as a whole is notoriously poor at; feeling "different," or "intermittently different" makes it doubly difficult for those of us feeling the burden of such stigma to share our strengths, to even examine what the idea of control (on every level) means for each of us individually.

Again, congratulations to Ms. Tilchen for looking at what epilepsy can *feel* like, as well as for raising in public the question of control.

Sincerely,
Dorchester, MA

double standard

Dear GCN,

The recent Speaking Out editorial entitled Middle East was very disturbing. It contained misinformation about middle east history and seemed to clearly endorse a double standard which has been used to oppress Jews. It erroneously identified the PLO with lofty ideals of justice and equality and states that Palestine was a nation peopled for thousands of years. It attacks Zionism as pro-imperialist. On the contrary, the facts are that Zionism aimed to restore the land of Israel to the Jewish nation which had been dispossessed from the land by imperial Rome. Zionism sought to provide equality in the community of nations for Jews. In contrast, the PLO's National Covenant calls for the destruction of the state of Israel and promises a secular state of Jews and Arabs, something the Arabs have never put into practice in any Arab land. Fanatic Islamic fundamentalism sweeps the Arab world and oppresses Jews and for that matter homosexuals. No Palestine Arab nation ever existed independently in Palestine and during the years when Arabs controlled a good part of the land (the West Bank), no Palestine was created. Palestinian nationalism was created after Zionism. Nevertheless, two points must be recognized: Arab people have lived in the land and have rights to self-determination, and Palestinian nationalism is a reality of today. A solution must be achieved which provides for Jewish and Arab self-determination. Endorsing the PLO however denies Jewish rights to an independent state while the Arabs have 20 states. To deny the Jewish people equal national rights is anti-Semitic (criticizing Israeli policies is not).

Finally, I feel that GCN cannot do justice to this topic. As a Gay and Lesbian paper, it should focus on those issues. Occasional editorials by uninformed individuals on unrelated topics is poor journalism and very alienating to your readership.

Yours truly,
Aryen Engel
Boston

hidden disability

Dear GCN,

Thanks to you and Maida Tilchen for the article on hidden disabilities ("Gays and Epilepsy," December 11, 1982). Hidden disability (people with heart problems, epilepsy, orthopedic problems, allergies, chronic and degenerative diseases, etc.) is a lot more common than most people think. The gay and women's communities need to both explore our feelings and attitudes toward disability and illness, and to listen and learn from those of us who are struggling with these issues. Awareness and accessibility do not just mean wheelchair ramps and a signer.

Some thoughts on what awareness and accessibility *do* mean —

One of the biggest problems, obviously, in having a hidden disability is that other people can't readily know what our special needs are. So we've got to ask and explain a lot. Some of this is unavoidable, but when someone tells you something he or she needs. ("I can't eat sugar"; "Would you lift this?") don't question why. It's struggle enough to get our needs met without having to justify or prove over and over why we need what we need. On the same vein, try not to make assumptions about why someone's doing something. (To someone eating special foods, "Oh, so you're gonna lose some weight, huh?"; to someone lying down, "Tired out? Well just don't go to sleep on me!") The same goes when you see a person who doesn't look disabled using special facilities. At the Michigan Music Festival, a friend of mine with a heart problem got glared at repeatedly for using a toilet for disabled women. She joked sarcastically about wearing a sign around her neck saying, "Really, my heart isn't good. I'll turn blue if you make me walk ¼ of a mile to piss." For most of us, limitations fluctuate, whether by feeling better at certain times of the day, or monthly or seasonally, or just randomly. So many times we're judged by other people's ideas of our limitations ("Well, last night he danced and partied, so how come now he needs to be in a quiet smoke-free place?"). A lot

Promotions Manager

Gay Community News is looking for a Promotions Manager to spearhead our subscription and bookstore promotion, along with other projects. Experience in promotions important, as well as commitment to feminism and social change. Low salary, health insurance, paid vacation. Inquiries to Cindy at GCN, 426-4469.

of this boils down to really trusting that a person with a disability or illness knows his or her limitations better than you can.

It's important to question the assumptions that lie beneath ableist attitudes and actions. (Stephanie Sugars has done this wonderfully in her article, "Illness in Our Community: My Body as Other," *Common Lives/Lesbian Lives*, No. 5). Many of the oppressive assumptions people make stem from fear. It's scary to see people struggling with physical limitations; they are harsh reminders of our own physical vulnerabilities. Our gut reaction is often, "My god, that could happen to me." One of the ways a lot of people deny this fear is by blaming the person with the disability. And one of the most fashionable ways to blame these days is under the vestiges of the New Age: Have you taken your vitamins? Dealt with your emotional shit? Exercised, visualized, screamed your primal fears, seen this doctor? You haven't? (Sign of relief) Well, that must be why you're not well. By seeing the problem as an individual's we avoid dealing with the painful reality that we can't completely control our health. Another way we deny our fear is through pity. If you find yourself pitying someone ("That poor woman, sick for five years, so young, so beautiful . . ."), think about where your pity is coming from ("Shit, I could never deal with feeling sick all the time, I'd freak out"), and realize that your feelings and fears have little to do with her. You don't know how she feels about her life or how she deals with her illness.

Our culture, and certainly the women's community, has glorified fitness to the point where it's all too easy to equate physical strength with inner strength. We need to question our ideas about what health is about, what's "equal" and "fair," about what strength is, and about the ways in which we shut people out.

Sincerely,
Kiki Zeldes
Somerville, MA

Gay Community News welcomes letters to Community Voices. If at all possible, your letters should be TYPED AND DOUBLE SPACED and kept to three pages (or less!) in length. GCN publishes all the letters it receives, unedited, on a space-available basis, unless they contain personal attacks. Anonymous letters will not be published, but names will be withheld upon request. Address letters to: Community Voices, Gay Community News, 167 Tremont St., 5th Floor, Boston, MA 02111.

Join the GCN

Remember—all Sustainer pledges for 1982 are applied directly towards raising staff salaries by \$15 come January! Help us ring in the New Year with a special gift to the hard-working and poorly paid GCN staff who will do so much to brighten 1983 for all of us during each week of the year!

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NEW YORK DISTRIBUTION

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(212) 243-7770.

Gay Community News (GCN) is dedicated to providing coverage of events and news of interest to the gay community. GCN is published every week (except the first week of January and the last week of August) by a non-profit corporation. All material copyright, © 1982, Bromfield Street Educational Foundation, Inc., all rights reserved, reprint by permission only. Our office is located at 167 Tremont St., 5th Fl., Boston, MA 02111. (617) 426-4469.

Second-class postage paid at Boston, Mass. Annual subscription rate is \$25. ISSN: 0147-0728. Member New England Press Association, Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press. COSMEP Member.

GCN is included in the Alternative Press Index, which is published quarterly by the Alternative Press Center, Inc., Box 7229, Baltimore, MD 21218.

Volumes 1-8 of GCN are available on microfilm for \$22/volume. Write GCN/Microfilm for more information.

Opinions reflected in "editorial" represent the views of the editorial board. Signed letters and columns reflect the views and opinions of the authors only. Comments, criticisms, and information are always welcome from our readers: remember, it's YOUR paper!

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The 1982 GCN Sustainer Program Committee Report

By Eric E. Rofes, Chairperson, Sustainer Program Committee

1982 has become a landmark year in GCN's history — with many surprises for *GCN's* readers, staff and membership. This year's recap includes our tragic July fire which robbed us of our beloved Bromfield Street home, our subsequent move to our current offices overlooking the Boston Common, the purchasing of our own typesetting equipment, and several important changes in key staff positions. One of the highlights of our 1982 work at *GCN* which was, in fact, *not* a surprise, was the launching of our *GCN* Sustainer Program, intended to encourage readers to make substantial financial donations to the paper. After six months of intra-paper debate and discussion, and approving votes from the staff, membership and Board of Directors, we launched the program in March, just nine months ago. We placed the appropriate publicity in the paper, set-up the requisite systems of record-keeping, and hoped for the best. The support of our readers has been, one might say, even more than we had hoped. We have been amazed at the success of this program.

Our goal for the year was to raise pledges of \$12,000 from 100 individuals and organizations who would make regular financial installments to satisfy their pledge. With 2 weeks left in 1982, we have received pledges of over \$15,000 from 97 individuals and organizations. We have *already* received over \$12,000 of the pledged monies and are happy to announce that, due to the success of the program, we are able to apply the money to our priority item in our expense budget: increasing staff salaries. As of the first week of 1983, *GCN* full-time staff members will receive an increase in pay of \$15 a week, bringing salaries from \$120 to \$135 a week (before taxes). Our part-time salaried staff member will receive a comparable increase, and we have also been able to provide the staff with special, end-of-year cash gifts.

The success of the Sustainer Program has made all of this possible. When so many of our overhead expenses have jumped inordinately and unexpectedly this year (postage, paper, office rental), it again would have been impossible to grant the staff a salary increase if we had not initiated this program and committed its funds to this budget item. Because we kept the funds for this program invested in a special Sustainer Program account, and because all of us at the paper were fully committed to the goals of the program, the program funds were neither used nor "borrowed" by our day-to-day operations budget — even during the difficult days following the fire. Furthermore, the Sustainer Program Committee, in conjunction with the Board of *GCN* decided in the spring to attempt to keep program expenses below the budgeted \$3,000. With a lot of effort, volunteer time, and donations of all kinds of materials, expenses for this program — including our recent First Annual Sustainer Program Party — were less than \$500. The extra \$2,500 saved from the expense budget allowed us to provide for weekly increases for our new staff typesetter who came on staff after our initial budgeting, as well as the end-of-year cash gifts to the salaried staff members. Thus the generosity of the Sustainers and the hard work of the

GCN membership together made this program a success.

Many people seem curious about what kind of person becomes a *GCN* Sustainer. On looking over our confidential Sustainer list, we can report some statistics for our first year of attracting the "GCN 100" (or the "GCN 97", as it currently stands). Of the individuals and couples who have become Sustainers there are slightly more men than women (47-39), with several individuals possessing androgynous names which we cannot tag with a gender. Six organizations have become Sustainers: the East End Gay Organization on Long Island, Louisiana Sissies in Struggle, Gay Harvard Alumni, Dignity—Boston, the Northampton Law Collective, and the Lesbian and Gay Task Force of June 12th Organizing Committee, as well as several "households" and collectives.

Perhaps what was most interesting was to meet many of the Sustainers at our recent party and to find that many of the Sustainers do not have large incomes and contribute to *GCN* at some personal sacrifice because of their commitment to maintaining this weekly source of news. Certainly some of our Sustainers have considerable incomes, but one local household budgeted into their monthly budget their Sustainer donation. These Sustainers attending our party were all local Boston area people, but we have Sustainers in 23 states (including such far-off locales as California, Alaska, Washington, Minnesota and Guam!). Finally, it was gratifying to find that several people in the *GCN* Membership are Sustainers and, in addition to their work writing, stuffing papers, doing lay-out or design, or many of the other tasks that result in the issuance of our weekly paper, they contribute money as well.

During *GCN's* vacation, the Sustainer Program Committee will begin discussing goals for 1983. We know that we would like to maintain our current 97 Sustainers and hopefully attract many more people and organizations towards making this financial commitment to the paper. We are uncertain as to the priorities of our additional income over the next year. Staff salaries continue to be a primary priority for all of us at *GCN* and our first 100 Sustainers each year will continue to maintain the \$15 a week salary increase. We are considering other priorities which have been discussed at the paper over recent years — including expansion to a 20 page paper each week (with accompanying increases in local and national coverage), payment to writers and artists, and an investment in major promotions. We expect to have these issues worked through sometime early in 1983 and announce the priorities of our continuing program at that time.

Until then, know that there are 2 weeks left in our 1982 program and we need *three* more Sustainers to reach our goal. (Please!) The program is solid and successful and we are looking for new ways to attract additional Sustainers in 1983. To all who helped this year — Program Committee members, Sustainers, staff and board of *GCN* — go a great deal of thanks for building a financially stronger *GCN* in 1982!

Community Voices

swim coach

Dear Friends:

The recent *Globe* article about the sentencing of Miller Malcom, a Y swim coach, for sexual activity with an 11-year-old boy, revealed deep and unfortunate misconceptions both about sex and about the abuse of children. The judge in the case, upon the advice of a psychiatrist paid by the prosecution, deemed the prison sentence necessary so that the boy would not suffer guilt about the incident and would see that society had punished the man because the boy could not have consented to sexual activity. Of the fifteen or so studies of cases involving sexual activity between men and boys, not one has found any lasting trauma due to sex itself. Only three of the studies have found any lasting trauma whatsoever connected to the sex acts. Several of the studies, however, point out extreme and lasting trauma — including the result of sexual disfunction — due to hysterical intervention by parents, social workers — and — especially — police. In fact, many boys who were induced to testify in such cases, have suffered guilt about the long prison sentences endured by men whom they had known only to be loving friends. Several such boys, known to me personally, have attempted or actually committed suicide. In this case, Mr. Malcom had given a great deal of care and affection to a boy who had been cruelly and violently abused by his own father. Since no evidence was given of coercion or misuse of authority to receive sexual favors, it is quite likely that the boy was as much responsible for the sexual activity as the man. What gross and hideous tragedy was the outcome? That sex was involved? Sex — we are told — is healthy and good and natural. That this was homosexuality? What is wrong with that? The tragedy was the abusive response of other adults, and the outcome is likely that the boy will fear and hate sexuality and his innermost feelings for the rest of his life. Each year in the United States, according to 1980 federal statistics, about 5,000 children under sixteen are murdered by their parents and some 2,000,000 others are violently abused. Very few of the parents are ever indicted and almost none go to prison. The real abuse of children is in the exaggerated and morbid attention given to sexual activities of men and boys by those who should be protecting children from outrageous violent treatment within their own homes or within state institutions and foster homes.

Thomas C. Reeves
Boston, MA

sex and fascism

Dear *GCN*,

I certainly agree with Amy Hoffman that the cause of liberation is best "served by opening up all of our sexualities to analysis [and] criticism . . ." It is in this spirit that I raise the following issues and questions.

Pat Califia, a major theoretician of SM as a feminist activity (and whom the Boston Lesbian SM group credits) has written in a *Heresies* article:

An SM scene can be played out using the personae of guard and prisoner, cop and suspect, Nazi and Jew, white and black . . . Not everyone who wears a swastika is a Nazi . . . How many real Nazis would be involved in a kinky sex scene?

If SM lesbians are acting out roles of Nazi and Jew, white master and black slave, or prison guards torturing prisoners, then how can they claim, as the recent Boston statement does, that "patriarchal violence . . . is in no way, shape or form related to consensual dyke SM. We are as opposed to violence as you are."? Someone who is truly opposed to Nazism or white racism would not experience pleasure in acting out these roles. SM lesbians seem to think that, because they get pleasure in only *acting* out these roles, rather than doing them *for real*, that that makes them "opposed" to such violence. I wonder.

If, as the Boston group also says, SM lesbians work on "every feminist project," I wonder how many of you work against anti-Semitism? To those of you who wear swastikas and think that that symbol can be separated from Nazism, just what *does* that symbol mean to you? Califia needs to brush up on the history of the Third Reich. Nazis did indeed participate in sexual sadomasochism: Hitler was known to be a sexual masochist, and SS guards liked to watch SM films (both gay and straight). SS men *did* get sexual enjoyment from beating up their prisoners.

SM lesbians claim to be oppressed because they are a minority within the women's movement. Just because a group is a minority does not mean that it is oppressed. White men are a minority. So are corporation executives, football players, and stamp collectors. The Nazis and the KKK are a minority, thank goodness. I for one am glad that lesbians who pride themselves on their sadistic and/or masochistic feelings are a minority.

Amy Hoffman's review of *Against Sadomasochism: A Radical Feminist Analysis* does not at all do justice to the book. In fact, it practices a very subtle kind of censorship. It does not mention, for instance, the articles by former sadomasochists on their personal experiences, the discussion of racism and SM, or the research done on the history of sexual sadism. It is as if lesbians are afraid to challenge anyone who uses the rhetoric of oppression—so that if someone says they are oppressed, they are. Period. No critical analysis

needed. And "freedom" simply means "anything goes."

Nor does Hoffman mention a very significant expose of the lesbian SM movement, contained in the article, "A Response to Samois," by Jesse Meredith. Samois, a lesbian SM support group, has published a booklet called *What Color is Your Handkerchief?* The last words of this booklet, according to Meredith, are: "THIS BOOKLET IS A PRODUCT OF THE MINISTRY OF TRUTH. THE TRUTH OFTEN HURTS. THE MINISTRY OF TRUTH." (These words are in bold type, adorned by a whip.) Meredith reminds us that the "Ministry of Truth" was a "creation of George Orwell's novel of fascist mind control, 1984, in which the language of double-think prevailed—and the function of the Ministry of Truth was to tell lies." (p.98) Is Samois telling its readers (in code) that it is really telling lies?

Contrary to Amy Hoffman, if I "were being pursued by a gang of boys and saw my local leather dyke walking down the street," I would *not* "throw myself into her arms," especially if she were wearing a swastika.

I am yet to be convinced that SM is a feminist activity. I am not at all surprised that it is becoming a bigger issue in this pre-1984 rising surge of fascism in this country. General statements about "exploring our sexuality" are empty and meaningless. If lesbian SM women want to convince the rest of us that SM is a feminist activity, then perhaps they should address themselves to the following questions:

-Why do you derive pleasure out of beating up (playacting, of course) someone you love?

-Why (to those of you who dress in leather and chains and swastikas, and I realize some don't) do you like to wear outfits that make you look like torturers and neo-Nazis?

-What kind of consciousness do you have about fascism and anti-Semitism?

-Why does acting out violent scenarios heighten sexual pleasure?

These are questions which I would ask myself if I were inclined to try sadomasochism. Just because a woman is a lesbian does not mean that anything she does is all right. Any time I feel like it would give me pleasure to hurt someone, I ask myself why. All of us are subject to sadistic feelings; it is *what* we do with *those feelings* that makes the difference. I for one do not believe in acting them out. Self-examination is a necessity for anyone who calls herself a feminist. I find it difficult to believe that anyone who has experienced sadism in *real* life would actually enjoy *playing* at it.

Sincerely,
Judith Antonelli
Somerville, MA

quick dismissal

Dear *GCN*:

I am pleased to see your ongoing debate about S&M and other "minority-within-minority" forms of sexuality. I hope that many others are as affected by them as I am. I once thought my mind was all made up about S&M (against it) but am now a lot more open.

The book reviews in the December 4 issue are generally excellent and thought-provoking. However, one statement in Amy Hoffman's review of *Against Sadomasochism* does trouble me a lot. One aspect of her central argument comes when she says: "Just as I'm sure that any woman who has been raped has no trouble telling the difference between her experience of a horrifying assault and consensual heterosexual sex" Well, as a (male) rape victim, all I can say to that is that either Amy Hoffman has never been raped or else that her analysis is certainly fuzzy. After my own experience with rape and brutality in prison, I remained traumatized for years about closeness with other men. And I still now, after many years, can re-live the horror vividly, and I do still have difficulty on the emotional level with gay anal intercourse.

After quite a bit of counseling on all the ramifications of both my rape experience and my father's brutality while I was growing up, I have worked through a lot of my fear and anger towards other men. But certainly a major part of my getting my head together was discovering a feminist analysis to all this; and as a man who wanted to love other men, the key to my survival was to insist on always struggling against old-fashioned roles in my relationships. I join with my feminist sisters in asserting that there are terribly deep links between male sexuality and violence. I can't speak for S&M lesbians, but I will say that I have found very few gay men who understand those connections very well. So as for gay male S&M, I'm afraid I personally want to avoid it (or avoid deep contact with it).

I like the questioning tone of Judith Butler's review in the same issue, much more than what feels like the rather glib tone of Amy Hoffman's. I am glad for Amy if she has escaped the direct experience with male sex-linked violence that my mother, my sisters, and so many other women have gone through. I would, (on one level) like to accept all forms of consensual sexuality. But I do personally feel on the other hand, that I must oppose violence and gross inequality, and all their glorifications, wherever they turn up. What this means about my attitudes toward S&M remains an open question. But I would like to see the anti-S&M point of view get deeply-thought-out responses rather than the quick dismissals that sometimes turn up in your pages.

Sincerely,
with love,
Jeff Keith
Philadelphia, PA

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Music

Now We Are Ten

Olivia Records' Tenth Anniversary Celebration with Meg Christian and Chris Williamson
Carnegie Hall, New York City
November 26.

By R.L. Kuropat

Some music rocks a body and some just lulls it to sleep. But some music—some very special music that only comes around once in a decade or so—just wraps itself around you and has its way. That's just the kind of music that filled Carnegie Hall on Friday, November 26, when Olivia Records marked its 10th anniversary. The air was downright charged.

Meg Christian and Chris Williamson headlined the big event, with the best and the brightest of women's music in supporting roles.

Judy Chilnick's percussion danced lightly in the air, its metal tones rising and falling as if on the wings of a gentle bird.

Diane Lindsay is a talented bassist who regularly tours with Christian.

Jackie Robbins plays a cello that leaves the audience so defenseless — its tones clear and deep, its resonance downright sexual — she could steal a show if she so chose.

Adrienne Torf's skill on keyboards is unparalleled in women's



Irene Young

Rags to riches? Meg and Cris at Carnegie Hall.

music. Torf, who has toured recently with Holly Near, is an indefatigable and awesomely talented pianist.

Shelby Flint, Vicki Randle and Linda "Tui" Tillery sang background. Each an outstanding vocalist in her own right, together they offered the perfect balance to the strong instrumentals. Their final "Ain't No Mountain High Enough" unbridled the energy of the audience, and set Carnegie moving in ways it has surely seldom seen.

Susan Freundlich, now a familiar part of women's music, interpreted the concert for the hearing impaired. An early figure in the American sign language interpretation of women's music, Freundlich has turned her science into a beautiful and fluid art, as much a part of the music as the sounds.

Christian's joyous effusiveness was nicely complemented by Williamson's somewhat understated stage presence. Christian rocked and reeled, Williamson rolled. Together, they gave Carnegie a full rendition of what women's music is and can be. Indeed, the Carnegie gig was a long way from the woman-and-a-guitar style typical of the genre.

The concert was a party, complete with a party song to celebrate the first decade. Aptly titled "Anniversary Song," its lyrics captured each of the highlights of Olivia's first decade: Christian's *Face the Music* (her second album), Williamson's popular *Changer and the Changed* (her first with Olivia). Other new songs were unveiled and are headed for the live album scheduled for re-

Continued on page 9

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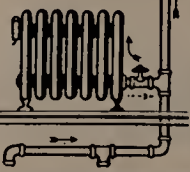
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The (Self-) Importance of Being Noel



The Noel Coward Diaries

edited by Graham Payn and Sheridan Morley
Little, Brown and Co.
Boston, 1982
682 pp., \$22.50

Reviewed by Michael Bronski

The Noel Coward revival, which began in the mid-sixties, is going through a new revival. New York has a current production of a Coward play and promise of two more in the spring; Boston is hosting two productions of the same play; and now the long awaited *Diaries*—reputed to tell more than all and quite wittily, too—have finally appeared in print. And as nice as it is to have the private thoughts of an (somewhat) open gay writer available, the almost seven hundred page collection of self-aggrandizement, social notes, and scorn for those considered, in whatever way, inferior, is quite a bit ado about not very much.

Coinciding with the publication of the *Diaries* (and, I suppose, the end result of any literary revival) is the ever growing assumption that Coward was a great, important writer. While there is *some* truth to the matter, people seem to have gotten the reasons turned the wrong way round. Although some of Coward's work is great (*Private Lives*, *Hay Fever*, *Blithe Spirit*), the number of those works is quite small in comparison to his extensive output, and *not* why he is important. The literary and cultural magnitude of Coward's career is in his first foraging, and then tenaciously holding onto (in the most muddled-headed way), what we have come to call, or identify as, a gay sensibility in the twentieth century.

Coward was born to a middle class English family in 1899 (very close to Christmas, hence his given name). In his late teens he was writing popular revue sketches and by twenty-five had scored two great successes in London's West End theatre district—*Hay Fever* and *The Vortex*. Through the '20s and '30s he was the brightest, smartest, and most produced playwright in Britain. Besides writing, singing, acting, and designing his own plays, he knew everyone from the Queen Mum to Hollywood's latest glittering star. His wit and exuberant personality epitomized the cultural attitudes and affectations of the "bright young things," the disillusioned post-World War I youth who rebelled against the traditional British cultural underpinnings of enforced heterosexuality and Empire building.

Martin Green's *Children of the Sun* gives a good picture of the English intellectual and cultural life between the wars. The book is subtitled "A Narrative of 'Decadence' in England After 1918" and while Green is very good in explaining how the post-war male generation broke down into "dandies" (queers) and "good old boys," it is terribly flawed because Green doesn't like the queers very much. Coward actually plays a small part in this book since Green is more concerned with Auden, Isherwood, Beaton, Brian Howard, Harold Acton and Stephen Spender. This is partly because Coward was a popular rather than a high-tone cultural phenomenon, but also because Coward, unlike many of the others, does not easily completely fit into either category.

Much of the tension in Coward's plays is the conflict between these two warring cultures. In *Private Lives* the Colonel Blimpish Victor tells his new wife Amanda of her ex-husband Elyot, "If he annoys you in any way I'll knock him down." Later in the same act Elyot counters, "If he comes near me I'll scream the place down"—traditional behavior is being replaced by a new mode of thinking characterized by cleverness, flippancy, and "attitude." The once accepted modes of "femininity" and "masculinity" have disappeared and the bastions of morality and social acceptability they once signified have also begun to perish. The difference between Coward and the other "smart" writers is that Coward never made that total break from his traditional upbringing. Christopher Isherwood once remarked, in one of his autobiographies, that England had to lose its position as a great power before he could again feel any fondness for it. And while the same is probably true of Spender, Auden, Howard and the lot, Coward grasped onto both the power and the glory that was once England long after it had become either fashionable or practical to do so. Like Peter Pan he wanted Never Never Land and the security of a home on which the sun never set.

While many of the writers that appeared before the war matured and prospered after the fighting stopped, Coward continued writing in the same vein: as a result he spent almost twenty years dwindling into unpopularity and decidedly minor status. He began writing his *Diaries* in 1941, and the first five years are quickly condensed as a prologue since they are the raw material of *Future Indefinite*, the second volume of his autobiography. The bulk of the *Diaries*, which his editors claim are unedited, cover his life from 1946 to 1969. (He died three years later.)

Reading them is a generally disheartening experience because they chart the life and experience of a man so caught up in his self-importance and so secure in his outdated values that he becomes not only immune but arrogant and scornful of the changing world around him.

The earlier entries are relatively short: calendar notations rather than contemplations. In the mid-fifties he began writing longer, discursive, essay-like ruminations on life and art. And although the tone, length, and characters change, the content generally does not. Not a page goes by when he does not congratulate himself on his wit, talent or writing ability: "No one in their right senses could say that the lyrics and music of *The Girl Who Came to Supper* were not good. They are good. Very good indeed." This is in 1963 when he is still writing the same show he wrote in 1929 with *Bittersweet*. What was once charming, disarming, and perhaps even a little risqué is dated and artificial thirty-four years later.

His consistent failures at the box office during these years made him very irritable and bitter toward the press, audiences and the general public. Occasionally he views bad notices as a vast conspiracy, and the *Diaries* begin to betray the paranoid pathology of someone suitable for treatment rather than production. He is never appreciated enough, scorned without reason and, worst of all, his clear voice of sanity is lost on a stupid, vulgar, modern world.

While Auden, Isherwood, *et al.* adjusted to changing times, Coward was pinned down in a tradition-bound fairy-tale world of royalty and beautiful people. An all too typical entry reads: "I lunched with the dear Queen Mother at Clarence House. She was more enchanting than ever. I took tea with Princess Marina and Princess Olga and, the night before I left, dined *a trois* with Princess Margaret and Tony. Very cosy and enjoyable." The repetition of such passages almost verges on parody. The laugh sticks in the throat, however, when you realize the flip side to such panderings. Though the new style of the 1920's had a liberating and liberalizing effect on many writers, Coward remained an arch conservative. Page after page is filled with invective against the Labour government and trade unions: England's wonderful "little man" is quickly transformed to "bloody, stupid workers and their selfish, greedy demands." The British Empire must be protected at any expense and a usually intelligent "artist" stoops to write (in 1948), "Gandhi has been assassinated. In my humble opinion, a bloody good thing but far too late." Whatever evolving social consciousness and human understanding had been there twenty years before were now totally obscured and tainted by a deeply reactionary, and destructive, political view.

It is no wonder that Coward felt left out and hated all forms of modernism. He loathed most contemporary playwrights, method acting, new forms of painting and any writing that offended his sense of style, propriety, or acceptability. When he does not like something he is promptly dismissive and scornful, and friends who do not amuse or entertain him are brushed away as being "tiresome" and "bestly." In time his self-proclaimed and world-renowned "talent to amuse" had become, privately, a "talent to abuse."

There are, in spite of all this, some nice parts of the *Diaries*. Throughout most of his adult life Coward had deep, lasting friendships with several people. Lorn Lorraine, his agent, business manager and private secretary, is always spoken of in the most loving terms. She is one of the few people ever allowed to criticize him and it is clear that much of his success was due to her shrewd handling of his affairs. Cole Lesly first came to Coward as a man servant and soon became his confidant and companion. They traveled everywhere together and although it is never stated—homosexuality is a given in the *Diaries*—he and Coward were as close as, if not, lovers. The fourth in the *manage a quatre* is Graham Payn, an actor who appeared in many of Coward's plays, and who seems to be inseparable from Coward and Lesly. Reading the *Diaries*, one gets the sense that these three people made Coward's life human and bearable. Their affection provided a center and a stabilizing force that allowed him to continue and create during difficult and depressing times.

The gay sensibility that Coward was so much a part of in his early career eventually grew beyond and above him. The logical extensions of the debunking

Continued on Book Review page 6

BOOK
GAY COMMUNITY NEWS
REVIEW

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REVIEW

Keeping Up . . . with America

The Revisionist

by Douglas Crase
Little, Brown and Co.
Boston, 1981
83 pp., \$5.95

Brotherly Love

by Daniel Hoffman
Vintage
New York, 1981
176 pp., \$5.95

Reviewed by Martin Krieger

Gay liberation happens when it is no big deal to recognize a gay sensibility—it's not something about esoterica or paranoia, and certainly not anaphylaxis (more about this shortly). Sure, I sort of knew when I read lots of poems in Don Allen's anthology of *The New American Poetry*, and there must have been reason why I read all of John Ashbery. It wasn't so subtle with Frank O'Hara. Nor with Allen Ginsberg. Imagine reading this stuff on a hillside overlooking the Hudson River while the sun set, reading out loud to your friends, all of us doing our dissertation research in elementary particle physics. Maybe it helped that I did not quite know what was going on. Nor, perhaps, did they. This was, after all 1966. Jonas Mekas's advice in the *Voice*, each week ecstatic about some new filmmaker, was not exactly without deliberate guidance. I took it whole hog, and would leave the lab in Westchester and make my way down to the Village to see the latest experimental film. I realize now I was not so much interested in art, although I was, as I was interested in the experiences of life valorized and understood through art. And of course there was always Whitman to read.

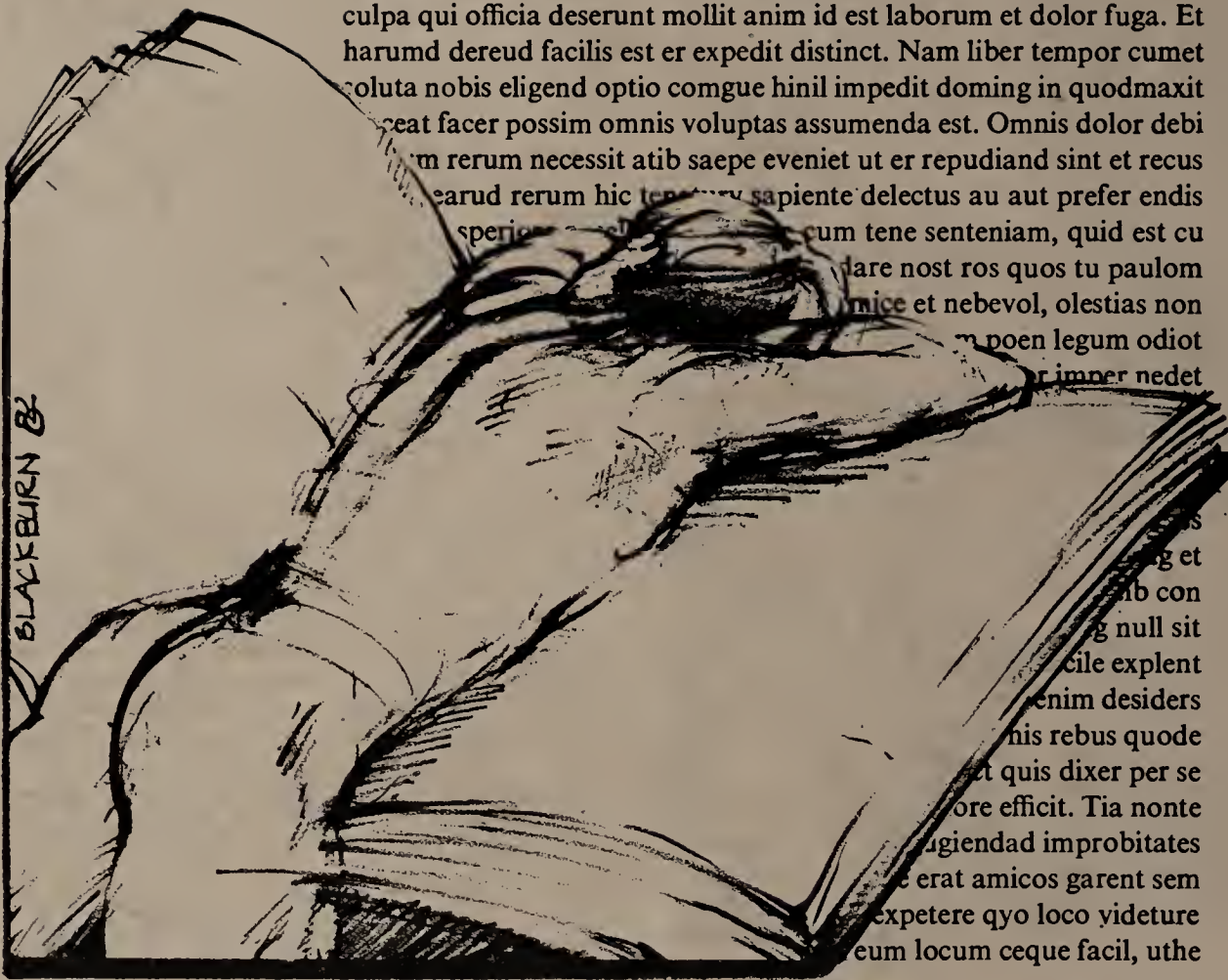


Tom Huth

A mention of Douglas Crase's name got me to look at his poetry. And reading it has been one of the more satisfying experiences of the last year. Concrete and metaphysical, they are poems about paintings and places and passion and hope—and love and America. He sounds something like Ashbery, has Whitman's magnanimity, and is as fascinated by nature as is A.R. Ammons. *The Revisionist* begins with, "If I could raise rivers, I'd raise them/Across the mantle of your past: . . ." (Now if I can get you to read this book . . .) Crase is as powerful for me as is Eakins, and for much the same reasons of touch and sensibility, as uplifting as is Whitman, but a lot less gushy. He is not so much sublimating as he is transforming experience—and it is not clear what, and if, he is holding back.

In every township of every county, in every
location
In states and towns, my ambition wraps tighter and
tighter
Around your name. In every district where there is
Restitution owing, where your riches inspired
plunder
Instead of care, my outrage gathers on your
interests
To give them form. Out of the asphalt in Kansas
City
I will accomplish the resurrection of the Board of
Trade,
Out of the parking lots of Buffalo I will recover

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r immer nedet



Tim Blackburn

Tales of the Sexual City

\$tud

by Phil Andros
introduction by John Preston
Alyson
Boston, 1982
212 pp., \$6.95

Below the Belt and Other Stories

by Phil Andros
Perineum Press
San Francisco, 1982
128 pp., \$6.50

Reviewed by Eric E. Rofes

Phil Andros has come of age. After twenty years, the sexual outlaw inhabiting the fiction work of gay writer Sam Steward is on the scene again and proving beyond any doubt that pornography and literature are not mutually exclusive. The publication of a collection of Steward's short stories [Phil Andros is Steward's narrator and pseudonym in these books], as well as the reissuance of Steward's 1965 underground classic, *\$tud*, tells us as much about the quality of Steward's story-telling as it does about the contemporary state of gay male culture and literature. The mere fact that these books are being issued by two of the leading gay male publishing houses in the nation—Alyson Publication in Boston and Perineum Press, an affiliate of Grey Fox Press, in San Francisco—has rocketed Steward from his position as a chronicler of the gay underworld into a well-deserved position as a part of the canon of serious and important gay fiction.

This is not to imply that, due to the passage of time, *\$tud* and the *Below the Belt* anthology have lost their essential gutsiness and lusty exhilaration—they have not (thank goodness!). Steward's fiction works are "Tales of the Sexual City" and both the novel and short stories document a series of erotic escapades of the young Greek hustler Phil Andros, as he navigates his way through the urban gay male world we used to refer to as the "lowlife." The adventures in *\$tud* take us on a tour of America in the mid-sixties and move from one specific sexual sparring to another. The author creates a character who is able to sustain the reader's interest as he frolics from one bed to another—Andros is a hot-looking guy with a heart of gold, an incongruous and endearing penchant for romance, and an uncanny ability to quote from the classics, if appropriate, as he approaches orgasm. Andros may well be the most fully-developed character in gay male pornography and is certainly a landmark characterization for pre-Stonewall literature. Without apology, Andros loves men, loves having sex with men, loves thinking about men.

Andros' encounters present the reader with a laundry list of specific sexual practices often targeted as

bizarre or unhealthy: foot fetishists, sadomasochists, boy-lovers, inter-racial couples, "straight" boys, leather men and father/son duos, and it is here that Andros' current wave of popularity is the most telling. These tales were written primarily in the '60s and functioned admirably as pornography in pre-liberationist times. In the 1980s, while still suitable (I promise) for masturbatory fantasies, they present sex-positive views of aspects of male sexuality that we are finally able to discuss and analyze seriously. Moreover, the author accomplishes what few gay writers have yet been able to do: depict serious sexuality keeping its playful qualities intact (the exceptions that come to mind are George Whitmore, Larry Townsend and Renaud Camus). These books are appearing today, not because they have been rediscovered in the dusty bowels of some library, but because gay men are able to acknowledge their relevance to our lives. Phil Andros was a character created ahead of his time, and we're finally at the stage where we're able to grapple with his significance beyond his pornographic qualities. Finally, many of us are engaged in the same kind of antics and we're talking and thinking about them.

John Preston's introduction to *\$tud* brings out much of the essential appeal of Steward's fiction: its glee, honesty and unwavering sex-positive morality. Preston's assertion that Sam Steward helped to create the "beginning of a gay ethic" is undeniable—the man has been seeing the world through gay liberationist eyes for decades. What is particularly exciting, however, is Steward's ability to mirror the world better than most fiction and certainly better than most erotic fiction. In Andros' forays into the night, he meets real human beings made of flesh and blood and come, who make conscious decisions about their lives and their sexuality. Steward sympathetically portrays these men in their full humanity and revels in their sexual expressions. Guilt, self-hatred, self-destructiveness overwhelm no one—the typical homosexual denouement of suicide is omitted throughout. Victimization of gay men by straight society is confronted head-on, and, perhaps most important to our reading today, the difficult, gut-wrenching issues many of us face as we attempt to enjoy our sexuality are not avoided or softened.

It is in this area that one would not be surprised if Steward is attacked by those gay men who aim at "politically correct" characters who experience the world and react to it within the guidelines of a utopian vision. The reason this book will have so much appeal to sexually active men in the 1980s is that it is one of the first books—fiction or non-fiction—which presents the issues many of us face as we travel through the sexual underworld (and, like it or not, unless you live a pristine life in a monogamous couple, you still inhabit the sexual underworld). Fetishism—such a key part of gay male sexuality that often goes unacknowledged—appears throughout the book

Catching Up on the First Ten Years

Flaunting It!

A Decade of Gay Journalism from the Body Politic

edited by Ed Jackson and Stan Persky

New Star Books, Vancouver, and

Pink Triangle Press, Toronto, 1982

order from: Pink Triangle, Box 639, Station A,

Toronto, Ontario, CANADA M5W 1G2

312 pp., \$8.95 US (add \$1.00 postage and handling)

Reviewed by Dee Michel



I saw my first copy of *The Body Politic* at a friend's house in the summer of 1977. When Jeff was taking a bath I read a long and thoughtful piece by Michael Lynch, "Actors and Shakespeare and Stratford and Us," occasioned by the Canadian Stratford Shakespeare Festival. Lynch tried to interview gay actors, discussed their reasons for not letting him interview them, surveyed gay relationships in Elizabethan plays and reviewed recent 'gay' stagings of Shakespeare and other worthies. The piece impressed me, talking perceptively about a subject I was interested in, theater, from a political point of view. It convinced me to subscribe.

Flaunting It! is an anthology of sixty pieces from *The Body Politic*, a magazine for gay liberation, published in Toronto ten times a year. The paper was founded in November of 1971, so the pieces cover "a decade of gay journalism," as they say on the pink and green cover. The offerings are divided into five sections, "Risks"; "Living Our Lives"; "The Making of the Image of the Modern Homosexual"; "Advice on Consent and Other Unfinished Business"; and "In the Courts, on the Hustings, in the Street." These titles didn't seem that exciting to me but as I read the book I was overwhelmed with the honesty, insight and literary skill of the contributors to all five parts.

"Risks" contains pieces of coming out and the courageous ways we have of dealing with the straight world. In "Blessed are the Deviates," Michael Riordon describes meeting at a gay dance in 1975 the psychiatrist who had given him electroshock therapy years earlier. Michael had asked for the hideous treatment and gotten it for a year from a man who, it seems, is much more fucked up than Michael ever was. The post-dance interview in the shrink's office is classic. Michael challenges, "The person who described people at the gay dance as 'perverts' and 'trash' doesn't seem to me very well suited to help homosexuals accept themselves." Shrink responds, "I was overdrawn, we'd been out drinking." And later, the good doctor says, "Where I put my cock has nothing to do with therapy." "What is the object of therapy with you?" asked Riordon. "To help my patients adjust to the prevailing values of their society." "Your society's values include the destruction of gay people by any means possible."

I also especially liked Lorna Weir's ruminations on "exorcising the ghosts of friendships past." Meeting friends (some now gay) out of a long and distant past is not easy; she finds value in the confrontations and passes it along to us.

"Living Our Lives" is not that different from "Risks," except that perhaps the pieces are less dramatic and confrontational. Day to day problems are dissected, like "Getting Royally Fucked by a Perfect Sissy," and "Fear of Cruising." The hardest article for me to read in the book was "No Sorrow, No Pity: the Gay Disabled" by Gerald Hannon. At first it didn't seem to have anything to do with me and I avoided it—just like I do disabled people. But pressing on, because I was, after all, reviewing the book, I was forced to think about people in institutions who have to fight for things we take for granted. Can you imagine having to ask for help to masturbate? Having a cabdriver refuse to take you somewhere? Try to imagine being blind and going into a gay bar.

Mariana Valverde's experience of the aloofness of the feminists at a "Women Against Imperialism" dance in London compared with the friendliness of the women in a disco causes her to muse on the meaning of sisterhood in a concrete and affecting way.

Our own culture and the straight world's view of us is highlighted in "The Making of the Image of the Modern Homosexual." There are choice book and movie reviews, and some pieces on language. Andrew Hodges shows us the lessons George Orwell can teach us about oppression in spite of himself in "Toward 1984." James Steakley's "Homosexuals and the Third Reich" is here, too. Being familiar with the material from talks he has given, *The Men with the Pink Triangle*, Bent, as well as early hawkers of pink triangle buttons, it is easy to forget that this knowledge is less than ten years old for all of us. And most of society still does not know that thousands of homosexuals died in concentration camps in Nazi

Germany. John D'Emilio's article on the radical beginnings of the Mattachine Society are reprinted; and I was excited to learn that they'll be expanded into a book to appear in 1983. These last two pieces of research bring to mind the obvious question, Why were these parts of our history not more common knowledge?

The connivings of two supposedly sympathetic filmmakers are documented by Chris Bearchell in an investigation into the making of a TV documentary on gay men similar to the U.S.'s *Word is Out*. Rose and John Kastner promised their interviewees veto power over their own segments and then reneged, claiming they couldn't arrange times for previewing. When people protested, they were threatened, "We have things on film about you that could prove very embarrassing. If you continue to protest, I can't guarantee that those things won't get into the film." Quite a cautionary tale about letting other people tell our stories.

The section on political issues, "Advice on Consent and Other Unfinished Business," has letters and columns on man/boy love, men and women working together, and *Cruising* and censorship. Here you can read writers grappling with difficult issues, especially in the responses to "Men Loving Boys Loving Men," which landed *The Body Politic* in a lengthy, debilitating and costly series of trials on obscenity charges. The original article is not polemical at all; rather, it is a sensitive look at three men and their relationships with boys. What is amazing is how the subject was so threatening to *Body Politic* readers (not to mention the Canadian government). The specific descriptions of the men are endearing; the worst you could accuse them of is not coercion but condescension. "Another Look," by two men and one woman, is the best discussion I've seen of the complicated topics of consent, feminist perception of power imbalances, minority status of pederasts and youth rights.

In "Divided We Stand," Andrew Hodges makes a good case for political separatism. "Gay men are liable to see their sexuality as a redeeming, levelling force, their gift to the world. Women have had quite enough of men who think their sexuality is a gift to the world. Indeed, while feminism for the sake of equality wants *no one* to be a sexual object, gay men often speak and act as though they wanted *everyone* to be a sexual object." Ironically, it is a we-can-work-together woman, Chris Bearchell, who rebuts, "I always look twice at sweeping generalizations. Especially generalizations that say 'men are or want etc. etc.; women are or want etc. etc.' Especially when the generalization is made by a man, albeit a gay man." Some gay women, she points out, *do* want baths as part of the lesbian community, while some gay men find bars and baths objectifying and don't like them.

Scott Tucker's long piece on *Cruising* which includes some graphic descriptions of the demonstrations to stop the filming in Greenwich Village, and others that follow, document an important chapter in gay activism. They also tie in with the larger debate about what constitutes censorship. Oddly enough, this is the only piece to touch on sadomasochism and on pornography and censorship, currently hot topics in the lesbian and gay community.

The last section of the anthology gives us highlights in the history of political organizing in Toronto, including a chronology of the gay liberation movement in Canada, compilations of news stories on the 1980 municipal elections in Toronto, and the various bath raids in 1981. Hundreds of gay men were arrested as "found-ins in a bawdy house" and thousands of men and women took to the streets in anger over the arrests and the way the police handled themselves (violently and unidentifiably). I had forgotten how huge the crowds were in militant, angry and almost riotous demonstrations. How many other mass arrests and near-riots in our country and around the world we hear about and forget because they happen far away, or we never even learn of them in the first place?

The main flaw of *Flaunting It!* is that the articles are not really representative of the whole decade.

There are only nine pieces out of 60 from the first half of the years covered, 1971-76.

It may be that since the choice was to pick the best writing, pieces written in the first half of the decade were just not as good, that as the movement grew more sophisticated, so did its journalism. The editors, Ed Jackson and Stan Persky, hint at their embarrassment of early didactic expression when they excerpt a sentence from the first issue in the introduction: "The path to self-actualization and to a life-affirmative unity of our species must begin by seeing through the reality games which alienate and divide us." From the '80s Ed Jackson comments, "We used to say things like that. A lot." The fact that the pieces are arranged thematically and not chronologically also adds to a lack of a sense of the years going by, though Persky and Jackson put the pieces in some perspective in the introductions to each section. And early U.S. movement writing up to 1972 is documented in *Out of the Closets*, for example. But I would have liked to know more of what was on people's minds in the formative years of gay liberation, especially since I didn't come out until 1976.

There also could have been more information about the paper itself. I realize *Flaunting It!* is not trying to be a history of *The Body Politic*, but I couldn't help wondering how the paper is run and who decides what ads to accept. Are all the members of the collective paid, and if so, how much? How many subscriptions are there?

One issue about the internal workings of the paper that is touched upon is men and women working together. The editors do say that "A full debate about lesbian political priorities has never found its way into the pages of *The Body Politic*. Editorial policy has always been more cautious—the volatile nature of the issue and the fragility of existing alliances apparently inhibited free-wheeling discussions, at least in print." What a cop-out! If "free-wheeling discussions" did take place orally, how about telling us about them? Was the editorial policy actively discussed and arrived at by consensus, or simply by passive avoidance? I've heard people dismiss *The Body Politic* as a men's paper, with only token female participation. What do Jane Rule, Chris Bearchell and Marianna Valverde think about that? Have there been changes in the number of women working on the paper? Were there fights and caucuses and other fun stuff?

Answers to these and other questions in the introduction or perhaps an appendix on the workings of the paper would have satisfied my curiosity about how the courageous and marvelous group of people manage to publish all this great writing. I think readers besides myself would be fascinated by a short history of the process of putting out *The Body Politic*; sometimes the battles and disagreements are more enlightening than the final product. What is more, reading about the process would help readers and potential writers to remove journalists from their glamorous and distant pedestals. Information about the collective would also put the writings presented in the anthology in a wider context; journalism does not get created in a vacuum. It is not easy to get good stuff published; hey, guys and gals, how did you do it?

One reason why the writing is so good is that *The Body Politic* staffers have a month to put out the paper. From being involved with *GCN*, where there is only a week between deadlines, a month seems positively luxurious. Having more space to elaborate a point is also great. What is amazing about the articles, in the book at least, is that people don't abuse this room for expansion. Although some pieces are long, they are never long-winded. Tim McCaskell's "Out in the Basque Country," at ten pages, is one of the longest in the collection, but it moves along at a fast clip. His prose only flags at the very beginning when he is trying to be literary and uses a bunch of atmospheric travelogue adjectives like "massive," "churning" or "picturesque." The description of the demonstration in response to the rape of a young Basque woman by a member of the Spanish National Police is vivid and to the point. "Tear gas cannisters are arcing through the air and bouncing along the pavement. Brave souls pick them up and hurl them

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Life-affirming Loving

Yantras of Womanlove

images by Tee Corinne

text by Jacqueline Lapidus

introduction by Margaret Sloan-Hunter

Naiad Press, P.O. Box 10543, Tallahassee, FL, 32302, 1982, 61 pp., \$6.95

Reviewed by Malkah Barrsey Feldman

Sexy, sensual, passionate, and political is the experience of reading *Yantras of Woman Love*. In this spiritual book of women's sexuality, we transcend our separateness and enter the journey of collective energy and lesbian-feminist possibilities. In black and white photographs, Tee Corinne presents images that spring forth from the pages giving us taste and touch. Jacqueline Lapidus, in prose-like poetry, charts the images with words that capture the depth:

... we have
always been concerned
for centuries our cheeks have brushed
each other's cheeks at weddings
funerals

... we are used to one another
bearing our burden together, struggling
for a common cause: our own survival . . .

The pictures embrace moments of women-bonding and merging, so much a part of the lesbian experience. The images give us a glimpse at our exchanges of energy, so vital to our survival in a patriarchal/racist culture. Are women capable of recreating erotica outside of male-identified patterns? Tee Corinne answers with a resounding "Yes," as she combines feminism and lesbianism, with her exceptional photographic skills.

This book is for us. It is a journey of dreams and visions. For example, one picture presents one pregnant woman lying on another woman. The woman who is not pregnant is caressing the other woman's body. On the next page we find the poem:



... I
dream of being pregnant among women, caressing
each other's bellies to prepare the child for
community. I imagine giving birth close to the
earth . . .

... I
contemplate our nursing, each woman offering her
breast to the others' babies. I delight with you in
the taste of our nipples, in the pleasure that flows
like milk from your bodies into mine.

The images give us the spirit of our lesbian sexuality. It is not orgy-style sex but pictures of merging, healing, and life-affirming loving. This book honors lesbians in their natural state of giving love to one another. *Yantras of Womanlove* is one of those rare books that offers us erotica without objectification or exploitation.

In the past, white women doing images of us have often done so without reflecting who we really are. Pictures are usually of young, white, able-bodied women. Tee Corinne's photographs are more inclusive and she thereby comes closer to genuinely reflecting the collective diversity of lesbians.

This book reflects the scope of our possibilities as well as our realities. It captures wonderful scenes of our lives, so often denied, distorted, and perverted by the world in which we live.

The Familiar Becomes Remarkable

The Notebooks of Leni Clare

by Sandy Boucher

The Crossing Press, Trumanburg, NY 14886
1982, 150 pp., \$6.95

Reviewed by Pat M. Kuras



Laurel Cunningham

In the past decade, Sandy Boucher has had the good fortune to be published in many popular feminist magazines. That good fortune has been equally shared with anyone who has read one of her stories.

The Notebooks of Leni Clare is Boucher's second collection of short stories. (Her first one, *Assaults and Rituals*, was published by Mama's Press.) With most recent novels and fiction by feminists, the writers have been so eager to pass along their message, they often disregard the very craft of writing. Sandy Boucher is one of the few women writers who is able to blend the two perfectly. Her stories are wonderfully entertaining and her feminist principles are free of the logging heaviness which festers in more recent feminist literature.

Seven tales form the book. The first, "Kansas In The Spring," is mainly a panorama of rural living. A group of women come to film the community, a small farming culture. It is an old town of about one thousand people. At an auction, the woman narrator notes that older men seem to do most of the bidding. As farmers, they have more land (thus, more wealth and power) than the rest of the populace. The narrator notes that this is a tight community and: "This is the patriarchy, seemingly intact."

Like the midwestern farm women of "Kansas In The Spring," the story "Nothing Safe In Crabtree Meadow" is a horrifying, blunt example of powerless women in a rural setting. This story involves a woman who goes camping with her teenage son. Hearing a noise at night, she discovers a bear poking through their isolated campsite. She jumps and shouts to frighten the animal away. Neither the bear nor her hardy son respond. The bear continues to chomp on everything in sight (chocolate, peanuts, sunflower seeds, even a tampon), while her son continues to snooze peacefully. Exasperated by the bear's antics and the lack of assistance from the boy, the woman flings a flashlight at the bear. Wrong move. The flying flashlight picks up a pint-sized cub, hitherto unseen. The mother bear roars and attacks. The woman's son finally awakes, helps to bandage her wounds and, together, they wend their way back to civilization. The woman survives and in her sick bed the idea of her mortality presses on her as she replays the event. With this story, Boucher gives us a quick glance at how women and men are very different animals. The two mothers, bear and woman, act as nurturing agents and, at the same time, are ready to protect and defend themselves and their offspring. Between the human mother and son, the son is a very different animal. As he moves awkwardly to assuage his guilt and comfort his mother, isn't he like some lumbering, albeit tame, bear?

Awkwardness is a device which travels through many of Boucher's tales. "Charm School" is a remarkable account of a woman suckered into sexual confrontations with men, and in "Me and Ahnie Silver," a lesbian woman faces much confusion in a love affair.

With her extraordinary use of words, Boucher translates everyday experiences into exquisite vignettes. In "The Day My Father Kicked Me Out," Boucher writes of a grown woman who is fed up with being the good little girl who never disagrees with her daddy. As the title shows, her actions do not gather a necessarily positive result. However, the story does illustrate the constricting reality of men's homes being their castles and the majority of daddies as tyrants.

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Young Love

Annie on My Mind

by Nancy Garden
Farrar, Straus, Giroux
New York, 1982
234 pp., \$10.95

Reviewed by John Rosario



Laurel Cunningham

Like all good novels of adolescence *Annie on My Mind* is a moving and stirring book. It speaks from and to the heart. But unlike many novels that deal with growing up, the principal characters in this book make a happy if unconventional entrance into adulthood.

Primarily written for the so-called young adult audience, *Annie . . .* has a sophisticated plot that rivals the best of any other "young adult" literature. The characters are portrayed realistically, and the world that the novel describes is convincing in its ambiguity, surprise and unreasonableness. Of course, the most important dimension to the plot is

the mutual self-discovery by Annie and Liza that they are in love with each other.

The book is narrated from the perspective of Eliza Winthrop, a freshman in architectural studies at MIT. And we follow her through her diary as she recounts the numerous episodes that united her and Annie, and finally separated them. Liza records her uncertainty about her relationship with Annie, a precocious and moody young woman, in an effort to get a clearer understanding of her own feelings. And she leaves no stone unturned in prodding the dimensions of their friendship. If Liza is fickle in her affections, she is certainly reliable and straightforward in her narrative.

As with most stories of teenage friendship, admiration and curiosity soon develop into love and devotion of one kind or another; such is the pattern with *Annie . . .* For it seems that Eliza and Annie are different in almost every way. Liza is fair-skinned and protestant; she inhabits the privileged and affluent neighborhood of Brooklyn Heights, and attends a private school that borders on the shabby genteel. Annie Kenyon, on the other hand, is dark, unconventional, working-class. Her father drives a cab for his living, her grandma speaks little English. How then, do characters from such disparate backgrounds meet and fall in love?

On the surface, their story follows the typical pattern of young lovers overcoming the obstacles that thwart their romance. But as the novel progresses, Nancy Garden surpasses this motif by creating unusual and compelling characters in Liza and Annie. In addition to their own particular hang-ups, Liza and Annie must contend with those of a number of other characters. And this tension makes the story live in the imagination of the reader. There are many figures who represent all that is narrow-minded and unforgiving in the conventional world, especially the prudish headmistress and her snoopy secretary. However, Nancy Garden does Liza and Annie much justice by including other characters who express a whole range of attitudes, when it comes to lesbianism, from the approving couple; Ms. Widmer and Ms. Stevenson, who are teachers at the school, to Annie's benign but frightened parents.

And it is here that Nancy Garden makes her breakthrough in the genre of juvenile fiction. She is not only giving voice to a potential that so far belongs

only to a lucky few, but she also makes a particularly stirring announcement, that first loves can be gay loves.

For as Liza's consciousness of her own identity develops, the novel itself changes. *Annie on My Mind* becomes gay because it is a novel that begins to be told from the inside out, in a way that no detached observer could match. Thus, *Annie . . .* fills an enormous gap in adult as well as juvenile fiction. Here are characters with whom many can identify, or look back upon in recollection of younger, earlier selves. In this way, the book becomes a comforting companion.

As a writer, Nancy Garden is capable. She skillfully handles her material, so the novel is substantial without seeming inflated. Yet there are a few drawbacks to the writer's style. In its efforts to be straightforward, the book becomes too literal, educational in the worst sense of the word. Rather than give us subjective impressions through her characters' eyes, we are often given flat, journalistic descriptions that sound like demographics at times. There are a number of instances where a lyrical rather than journalistic approach would have been more effective. One almost gets the feeling that Nancy Garden is trying to write a novel that is "too right."

On the other hand, when Liza and Annie speak to each other directly, you are moved by their honesty and sensitivity. Nancy Garden is at her best as a writer when she allows her characters, all of them, to speak for themselves. She creates distinct voices, mannerisms and attitudes that allow the reader to both visualize and participate in the drama of the story.

At a first glance, *Annie on My Mind* might seem exclusively suited for the teenage audience. However, I think it has a much broader appeal and will prove both entertaining and moving to lesbians and gay men of all ages. As you read this particular book, you may be reminded of another book, Aaron Fricke's memoir, . . . *Rock Lobster*, which presented a particularly difficult version of being young and gay. Although we are lucky to have such contrasting works at hand, one cannot help but wish that life, at times, would imitate art. If *Annie on My Mind* seems a bit too pat in places, perhaps it is time for at least an occasional happy ending.

Fiction and Feminism

Between Friends

by Gillian E. Hanscombe
Alyson
Boston, 1982
175 pp., \$5.95

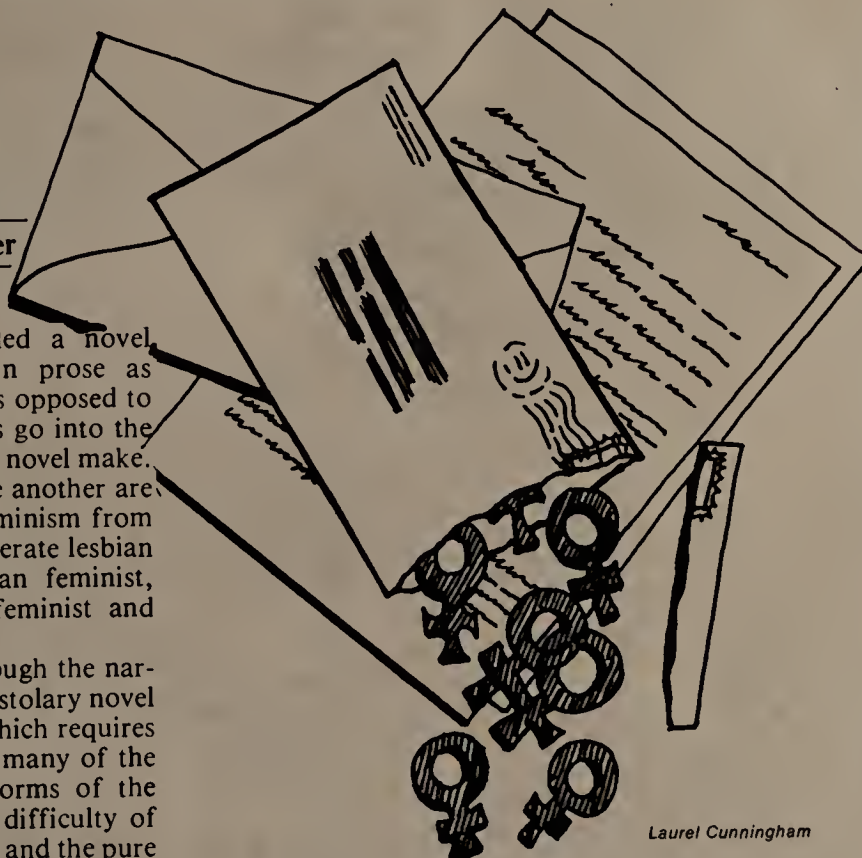
Reviewed by Nancy Walker

I suppose *Between Friends* is called a novel because it is lengthy, written in prose as opposed to poetry and is fiction as opposed to fact. Well, my dears, all those elements go into the composition of a novel, but they do not a novel make.

These letters from four women to one another are really a meandering set of essays on feminism from four different perspectives: Meg, a moderate lesbian feminist, Jane, an ultra-extreme lesbian feminist, Frances, a rather timid straight non-feminist and Amy, a straight feminist.

The women all reveal their views through the narrative technique of the letter, but the epistolary novel is an old and difficult form of fiction which requires great subtlety and is employed to skirt many of the problems authors run into in other forms of the novel. In return for getting rid of the difficulty of point of view, omniscience of the author and the pure mechanical absurdities of moving characters about from place to place, the epistolary novel *to be a novel* must reveal inch by inch the personality of the letter writers. We must, as readers, be able to get inside the heads of the people involved; we must recognize them as different from each other and true to themselves.

Hanscombe does not have the ability to differentiate her "speakers." All four women "sound" alike; only their messages are different. If one writer's use of language is indistinguishable from another's, there is no sense of having more than one character. In fact, in this particular case, there is no real fictional development. The author should have written essays on feminism. It seems to me that that effort would have been valid and sensible. But to cloak feminist rhetoric in the guise of a novel is an inept form of cheating, no doubt unintentional.



Laurel Cunningham

I have never read anything of Ms. Hanscombe's before. I know nothing about her. I believe it is terribly important for lesbian fiction to be written and published and, of course, read. For many years, whenever I was asked to review a gay or lesbian book, I held back my big guns (it is very easy to be destructive, and, for some people, it is obviously great fun; I do not number myself among them) but I think that gay and lesbian literature has just about come of age now and should be judged for its literary merits or lack of them as well as for its "content," its gay substance.

Therefore, I must in all honesty say that *Between Friends* fails utterly as both fiction and entertainment, but it makes several statements of political or philosophical interest.

Meg seems so eminently sane to me when she is

willing to love her son despite her feminist commitment. Jane seems rather difficult and strident when she says that all women carrying male babies should abort them. It's an interesting position and probably the logical extreme of feminist rhetoric, but through the course of the book Jane and Meg make accommodations and finally wind up in an intimate relationship with one another. Frances was Meg's friend at the beginning of the book. She could not separate in her mind feminism and lesbianism and she seemed very much afraid of being a lesbian, though she "loved" Meg and found her, in the early part of the book, essential to her well-being. Frances is married to Jim and Amy sleeps with Tim. Amy, in order to achieve her feminist goal of neutralizing the power of Tim's penis, refuses to allow him to penetrate her. He agrees to this wholeheartedly and they make love as lesbians might, sans penis. One wonders, then, what the difference really is between male and female lovers, if the penis is not used for penetration. I find that an intriguing question indeed. Obviously, even without a penis, men and women are different. There must be a tremendous emotional and personality difference, or else, why wouldn't all of us be heterosexual? Sexual acts can certainly be accommodated, as Hanscombe's book illustrates.

Frances is trapped in the heterosexual role carved out for her by the society into which she was born. She endures a great deal from Jim, but she won't leave him. Instead, she drops her lesbian friend Meg, who had been raped by Jim. Amy's relationship with Tim works out much more positively. Her position probably represents the best we can hope for from straight women who are trying to wrestle with the demands of a feminist consciousness while staying within the bounds of their sexual preference.

It puzzles me when an author has two men named Jim and Tim and two women named Jan and Jane. (Jan is mentioned by Meg; she does not write any letters herself.) If these were not stylistic errors, they must mean something. Perhaps it is that Tim and Jim had a lot in common, both being males with the ability to penetrate, etc. But one of them was pro-

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Noel

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and destroying of traditional restraints left him behind in a self-absorbed world of royal families and polite, upper class frivolity. The quickness and wit that were his trademarks were never as sharp as they were in the beginning. Instead of using the scalpel to cut at society he used it to cut his own artistic throat: his writing, as well as his politics, became dated and moribund.

The final joke may, however, be on Coward himself. After years of neglect he lived to see his early plays praised again. He took this as a sign that good taste was returning to the world. It is more probable that the same sense of dissatisfaction which had emerged after World War I was bubbling up again in the sixties. The more radical sentiments in these plays appealed again to an audience displeased with the social order—exactly the sort of people Coward had spent the bulk of his career denouncing as “beastly” and “unruly.”

Coward’s importance lies in his early work—the plays which are being revived now. There is a wit and intelligence there which might have become great cultural and artistic achievements: Coward’s gay sensibility did not grow but withered and died. It is a shame that the *Diaries* cannot add, but only detract, from his importance. After seven hundred pages you come to the realization that *The Noel Coward Diaries* aren’t very gay; they are just grim.

Keeping Up . . .

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The Larkin Building’s uncompromising piers, and
Out of the parking structures in Chicago I’ll
remold
The Schiller Building and the Old Stock Exchange.
Like a vengeful Johnny Appleseed I’ll girdle each
Male ailanthus tree and like a Know-Nothing I’ll
close
The ports to chestnut blight and the Dutch elm
disease.

My life is made articulate in these poems. They give reality to my sentimental constitution, objectify it, and make me at home with myself. They are respectable, as is Ashbery or Richard Howard. Not so embarrassing or immediate or comforting as James Schuyler is in *The Morning of the Poem* (Farrar, Straus and Girous, 1980). But who says respectability cannot be touching and even insidious?

One other thing. It’s not meant to be camp, and it really is not camp, but still I cried and was spell-bound by Daniel Hoffman’s *Brotherly Love*—about William Penn and the Indians. A book-length historical poem, it is a wonderful read. That’s an oxymoron, except of course there is the *Iliad* and *Hiawatha*.

They are generally tall, straight, well-built, and of
singular Proportion;
they tread strong and clever, and mostly walk with
lofty Chin:
of Complexion, Black, but by design, as the
Gypsies in England:
They grease themselves with Bears-fat clarified, and

Sexual City

Continued from Book Review page 2

and the characters we find are able to ask the difficult questions which many of us have hesitated to verbalize: What does it mean that I fantasize about being gang-banged? Is my attraction to Black men motivated by racism? How do I feel about the fact that my lover fucks me but I never fuck him? Can I be butch and still fall in love? How has my relationship with my father affected my homosexuality?

There are no easy answers to these questions and it is appropriate that Steward presents no simple answers. It is in the asking of the questions that Steward forces us to grapple with our sexualities, yet he never forces us to become mired in traditional Freudian theories. Almost all of Steward’s men allow themselves to feel what they feel and experience their sexuality with exhilaration, warmth and good feeling.

The particular mesh in these books between politics and sexuality is crucial to the unique quality of these books. The author is clearly a man who understands and has experienced the sexual adventures he writes about (at least those adventures which I share an interest in and, therefore, know a little about), and he also thinks a whole lot about gay identity and gay oppression. Steward’s hustler is the kind of man who, when tricking with a judge, nails him on his handling of gay cases. He isn’t afraid to note that sadomasochists have been considered “too deviant” for the mainstream gay movement (oddly enough,

using no defense
against Sun or Weather, their skins must needs be
swarthy;
Their Eye is little and black, not unlike a
straight-look’t Jew.
The thick Lip and flat Nose, so frequent with the
East-Indians and Blacks, are not common to
them;
for I have seen as comely European-like faces
among them of both, as on your side the Sea;
and truly an Italian Complexion hath not much
more of the White,
and the Noses of several of them have as much of
the Roman.

And of the Quakers before their leaving England:

For two hours the People were together and peace-
ably kept their Meeting,
ready to dismiss, when in came roaring
Major-General Brown with a Party of Men, Pikes
and Swords drawn
and when they were entered among the People they
cried
Shut the Door, make it fast!
the Officer having in hand a Club a Yard long,
for size and weight as much as he could handle,
he and his Party then fell to strike and wound the
People fearfully
in the most unmerciful manner ever beheld in this
City
in Time of Peace, and neither Man nor Woman
Young nor Old they spared but into the Streets
they hated them, cut and bruised
and beat some down to the ground where lay

Steward wrote this in the 1960s, while in the 1980s gay male and lesbian sadomasochists continue to be covertly or overtly forced out of movement politics). And when Phil Andros comes across a foot fetishist, we learn the names of all the bacterii that can cause problems if ingested—concern for gay men’s health surfaces twenty years before the current “Gay Men’s Health Crisis.”

What is more, Steward is a master story-teller and is able to capture the feeling of cruising, sparring, connecting, and reaching a climax, while weaving extraordinary circumstances into his tales. My favorite tricks Andros encounters are the farm boy who comes to Chicago to be a welder who becomes a porn star, the shoe-repair man who slurps away at Andros’ feet on his death bed, and the S&M couple who leave Andros to “babysit” for their slaves. The stories take off in fantastic directions, yet never leave the control of the author. After spending the summer reading contemporary gay male fiction which portrays gay characters yet stubbornly refuses to focus on the substantial issues in our lives, it is refreshing and exciting to read *\$tud* and *Below the Belt*. This is reading for pleasure as well as reading for empowerment . . . which is, after all, what all good pornography, and all good literature, should be.

six or eight half-dead by sore blows . . .

And in a demonic fashion the persecuted then become oppressors of the noble Indians. It is no happy story.

* * *

Yesterday I had a prick test. Allergies. I felt flushed in my face. My eyes teared, filled with liquid, got red. Puffy lids, too. I itched everywhere. They gave me adrenalin, Benedryl, more adrenalin, steroids, plus my white pills and my yellow pills. It was mugwort (sage). Natural stuff always does me in. Unnatural stuff doesn’t. The physician had never seen such a strong reaction from a prick. (What they do is put an alien fluid on your skin, scratch the skin with a needle, and watch for weals. MD and RN S&M.) Anaphylaxis is an extreme sensitivity to something, a consequence of previous exposure to it. Think of the *frisson* you feel when someone calls you “Fag!” or the sublime subversiveness of Michelangelo’s David. Well, gay sensibility offers many advantages, and they’re not only subliminal or subcutaneous. How else could you be sure of what is going on in the advertising pages of the *New York Times*.

Right now I am reading the biography of Maria Callas, one in that red-covered series. They are generic. What I do not understand is why Elizabeth Taylor’s has a silver cover.

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Catching Up

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into the harbor. People are dashing in all directions. Are they using rubber bullets?”

The relationship of gay liberation to gay rights is discussed explicitly in *Flaunting It!*. “Gay liberation” is a term you don’t hear much in the United States anymore. Canadian activists who worked on campaigns to get sexual orientation included in the human rights codes of Canadian provinces see their work as part of trying to change society in more fundamental ways. In the U.S. people seem to be divided; conservatives lobby for gay rights legislation and acceptance by the powers that be on the one hand, and radicals plan demonstrations and agitate for other unpopular causes as part of broader social change. It is nice to see these two approaches evaluated in Brian Waite’s “A Strategy for Gay Liberation.”

I get a feeling about the Canadian movement, similar to what I felt after visiting Chapel Hill, North Carolina, for the Southeast Conference of Lesbians and Gay Men in 1979. When you are spread further apart you see yourself as part of a community that you actively foster. You don’t take the existence of groups for granted the way dwellers of New York, Los Angeles, or Chicago do. There just aren’t enough committed people around to be so picky and so you can’t afford the luxury of separating off into your own interest group with people who agree with

you completely. I also saw more friendliness and openness in the southeast. People had travelled great distances to get together in Chapel Hill and were genuinely concerned about each other.

Perhaps I’m idealizing the rural southeast and there is a subtle form of condescension going on in my picture of groovy togetherness in the country. But in the chronology there are many national conferences of lesbians—and mixed ones, too. These make up a picture of binational togetherness, that is perhaps only superficial. It may be that being more familiar with the NOLAGs and the March on Washington national U.S. conferences, I’ve seen the seamier details which are not exposed in *Flaunting It!*. I’d like to find out more.

A positive aspect of the selection was some writers being represented by more than one piece. Thus, I got a sense of what Michael Riordon and Chris Bearchell, for example, are like. Stansky and Jackson must have had a hard time weighing the merits of a second and third piece by one writer as opposed to the variety a new contributor would bring. There were also personalities that came up more than once. Brent Hawkes, the MCC minister, pops up on the discussion of the TV documentary, preaches civil disobedience at the baths raid demonstrations and goes on a hunger strike to force the government to conduct an independent inquiry into the police brutality

and complicity of the higher ups involved. The graduates of the self-defense class written up in the first section become marshalls for the demonstrations, and Brian Mossup, who writes “Gay Men’s Feminist Mistake” in 1980, was also expelled from the Communist Party of Canada for being openly gay in 1976. Getting a glimpse of these people, I want to know more.

Oh, I did let my subscription run out in 1980. Not because I didn’t like reading *The Body Politic*; on the contrary, I loved it. But I just didn’t have the time to read it all, which I unfortunately felt I had to do. I also stopped getting the *Boston Globe* and the *New York Times* in the same period, so it is in distinguished company. I do still feel nostalgic about *The Body Politic* when I get requests for contributions to the defense fund which coordinates the paper’s expensive court proceedings. But now *Flaunting It!* is out and I’ve caught up on what I’ve missed. The anthology can be read at once for a high; kept near your bedside, toilet or breakfast table to dip into for occasional enlightenment; and saved as a reference work on the first decade of our movement. It contains some of the best writing by and about lesbians and gay men I have seen. And it may just convince me to re-subscribe.

An open letter to the gay community on hepatitis B

Hepatitis B, a serious disease, may be sexually transmitted

Sexually transmitted diseases among the gay community are epidemic. Herpes has recently received a lot of attention; gonorrhea and syphilis are well known; but the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) recently issued a major recommendation for the prevention of another sexually transmitted disease: Hepatitis B. In their *Morbidity and Mortality Weekly Report*, the CDC stated: "Susceptible homosexually active males should be vaccinated [against hepatitis B] regardless of their age or duration of their homosexual practices."

Gay men are at a high risk of contracting hepatitis B

In one study, from 51% to 76% of 3,816 gay men seen in five sexually transmitted disease clinics had evidence of past or present hepatitis B infection. Once infected, there's a 6% to 10% chance of becoming a carrier—capable of passing on the virus. The CDC estimated there are nearly 1 million carriers in the United States and that 100,000 of these carriers are gay men.

The hepatitis B virus can be passed on by contact with contaminated body fluids

such as saliva, urine, semen, and blood. The hepatitis B virus can be transmitted through tiny breaks in the skin or contact with mucous membranes. This can occur during intimate sexual contact and can lead to hepatitis B for the partner of an infected person. Although most patients recover and over half contracting hepatitis B do not get symptoms, there is no specific treatment and no known cure for hepatitis B infections.

Hepatitis B may lead to even more serious complications

For those who do get symptoms of hepatitis B, a mild or severe "flu-like" sickness may continue for weeks or months. Ten percent of all infections become long lasting (chronic) with potential complications that are sometimes more serious than those of other sexually transmitted diseases. The serious complications include the chronic carrier state, chronic active hepatitis, chronic persistent hepatitis, cirrhosis, and even cancer of the liver. Every year almost 4,000 carriers die of cirrhosis. In addition, carriers have a risk 273 times greater than that of the general population of contracting a usually fatal form of liver cancer.

Now this serious sexually transmitted disease is usually preventable by vaccination with the new hepatitis B vaccine

After more than a decade of research and development, a new vaccine is available for prevention, *not treatment*, of hepatitis B. In clinical studies, the vaccine was highly effective in preventing hepatitis B infection and was generally well tolerated. No serious adverse reactions occurred in these studies.

The vaccination regimen consists of a series of three injections, the first two a month apart and the third, six months after the first. To be effective, the vaccine must be given before a person gets hepatitis B. The vaccine helps prevent the disease: It is *not effective as a treatment*. We suggest that you consult your doctor to determine if you should be vaccinated.

**For more information
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Why you should consult your doctor or clinic

The vaccine helps protect against infection caused by hepatitis B virus. This virus is an important cause of viral hepatitis, a disease mainly of the liver. Even mild forms of this disease may lead to serious complications and aftereffects, including liver cancer. There is no specific treatment for viral hepatitis.

Vaccination is recommended for persons who have a higher risk of becoming infected with hepatitis B virus because of frequent, close contact with infected people or exposure to body fluids from such people. It will not

protect against hepatitis caused by viruses other than hepatitis B virus.

No serious adverse reactions were reported in over 6,000 individuals receiving the vaccine in clinical trials. The most frequent reaction was soreness at the point of injection; less common local reactions included redness, swelling, warmth, or formation of a hard, lumplike spot. The local effects were usually mild and lasted no more than 2 days after vaccination. Occasionally, low-grade fever (less than 101 °F) occurred. When it did, it usually lasted no longer than 48 hours following vaccination. In

rare cases, fever over 102 °F was reported.

More generalized complaints including malaise, fatigue, headache, nausea, dizziness, muscle pain, and joint pain were reported infrequently. Rash was reported rarely. As with any vaccine, broad use may reveal additional adverse reactions.

Your doctor or clinic knows what special care must be taken when administering the vaccine and in determining who should receive the vaccine. The vaccine is not intended for persons who are allergic to any of its components.

Homophobia and the Life Inside

A Bright Spot in the Yard Notes and Stories from a Prison Journal

by Jerome Washington
The Crossing Press, Trumansburg, NY 14886
1982, 102 pp., \$4.95

Reviewed by Malkah Barrsey Feldman



Laurel Cunningham

Ten years after Rockefeller ordered the killings of forty-three Attica prison inmates, we have a book reminding us all that things have not changed in state prisons. The very conditions that brought on the prison riots ten years ago still remain: poor food, poor medical conditions, rampant racism, constant degradation and humiliation. *A Bright Spot in the Yard* contains journal notes and short stories that depict the heart of the prison experience in America. The book, however, while trying to be sympathetic to the daily psychic and physical violence of all inmates, fails miserably in impact because of Washington's homophobia. For women-identified women or gay men this book is another "political-consciousness raising" book that leaves out our pain and oppression.

The myth of "prison rehabilitation" is widely exposed, as Washington describes prison life that leaves each inmate "... a walking time bomb, a lethal weapon aimed at society."

What's best about Washington's book is his ability to genuinely convey that stark reality by recounting

short passages of actual incidents. From killings by guards to inmate suicides, Washington captures the moment. The Klan mentality of the guards, so pervasive in most prisons in America, is also brought out, reminding us of the double jeopardy inmates of color and Jews are in when they are in the hands of the State. Loss and separation from family and loved ones is another major hurdle inmates face. Washington's writings bring to light the extreme isolation and loneliness of prison life.

The stories are short accounts of what is happening to the individual inmates. They take us from painful separations to fantasies of escapes. "Andy" is the story of an inmate who awaits a visit from his mother only to be told that his mother is visiting another inmate. He goes crazy over this. "Pop Rivers" is another story of an older inmate who cares for a pigeon each day only to discover one morning that the pigeon has been killed. The title story, "A Bright Spot in the Yard," is the story of the real kinds of prison escape—escape into fantasy. Through a friend, Jerome Washington discovers a spot in the yard where if he looks up all he can see is sky. In this spot his dreams can put him anywhere.

Washington writes eloquently and compassionately about the painfulness of prison life, yet his treatment of fellow gay prisoners is no less than contemptuous. "Crying Shame," for example, is the story of the "ugliest homo," who goes around raping young inmates. Eventually he is raped himself, to his shock, and is described as being dazzled by the experience and hoping it will happen again.

"Yesterday the Homos Stopped Turning Tricks and Organizing for Prison Reform" is the opening line to one of his journal notes. The story gets worse from there. Rapists are referred to as "asshole bandits" or "homos," and the plight of gay inmates is just left out. While describing rape by both prison guards and inmates upon gay men and others, no sensitivity is displayed. In this same light Washington reminds us all just how much he misses women in the story "The Woman on My Wall." Both that story and other heterosexual writings allude to women as sorely missed pieces of meat. Through the book there is no other mention of women being missed or cared for in any other way.

If one can read around the blatant homophobia and sexism, the book has value. For those of us unfamiliar with the realities of life in state prisons, it has much to offer. For anyone who mainly believes there is anything rehabilitating about the American incarceration experience, the book will be an explosion of reality. In honestly describing how life is behind bars, Washington takes us on a tour of human pain and oppression which is rarely told elsewhere. Living in a capitalist society where the rich get off scot-free for their crimes while poor people and people of color are quickly (and many times innocently) put behind bars, we all need to know what then happens to those whose lives are in the hands of the State. Our ignorance and silence only serve to perpetuate this problematic oppression.

Remarkable

Continued from Book Review page 4

My favorite story is "The Cutting Room." Kelly, a thirtyish-year-old woman who has recently come out as a lesbian, works a clerical job in the pathology department of a hospital. Along with two other women, she labels and records diseased organs, fresh from the OR where they have been surgically removed. The story is quite concise; its time span is one work day. The story focuses on anti-gay remarks made by Kelly's two co-workers. (They assume that Kelly is heterosexual i.e. "normal," like themselves.) This story is a tremendous representation of an event that perhaps all lesbians and gay men have experienced at least once: how to respond to anti-gay remarks from bigoted co-workers. The story excels, even to the double-entendre of its title: "The Cutting Room" describes both the dissecting function of the pathology department and the snide "cutting" remarks of the clerical workers.

The title story, "The Notebooks of Leni Clare," is a trifle overlong. It is a rambling look at the dissolution of a four-year lesbian relationship. In this tale, Boucher uses a stock character who appears in much of her fiction. Leni Clare (like the character in "Cutting Room") is a woman who married a man early in life and, later, came out as a lesbian. As she depended on her husband for many basic chores, Leni had passed this dependency onto her lesbian lover. With the end of their relationship, Leni is a wimp and

almost devastated. Prior to the break-up, she was something of an activist and had tried to organize a clerical union where she worked. These efforts failed and she dropped into a moody funk that hastened her lover's ventures into non-monogamy. Eventually Leni rebuilds her strengths. She helps a friend renovate a house. She goes to a retreat and meets a new lover/friend. Her life changes and she grows with these changes.

Although a feminist, Sandy Boucher is still capable of giving gently astute jabs to some of the more colorful lesbian lifestyles. As with Leni Clare: "Leni had met Windstone several times, but the name had put her off, so that she had not bothered to get to know her. It was hard for Leni to accept these women who called themselves Willow or Comfrey or Moonwoman, these New Age dykes who lived in country places and conducted their lives by consulting astrology books or the *I Ching*, who knew more about ancient herbal remedies than they did about what was going on in the world right now."

Sandy Boucher is very aware of differences in lifestyles and politics, but her craft is not stunted by wearing blinders of political correctness. She avoids the tunnel vision of single viewpoints and explores, reports and comments on the many varied lives of women and lesbians. Her stories are about ordinary, everyday women and events. Her writing makes daily life appear familiar, yet remarkable.

Fiction

Continued from Book Review page 5

feminism and the other was a chauvinist pig and a rapist. Jan was a long-time lover of Meg's and Jane was to become, during the course of the book, a new one. And her name added an "e" (for "extreme"?). One can never know for sure, just from reading the book, if the author intended such implications, yet they are there to see.

The series of letters examines not only feminism and how to make it function despite the fact that there are men in the world and the majority of women still want to relate to them, but also lesbianism itself comes in for a bit of harsh and not altogether unjust criticism from Frances, who says to Jane, "You're like all lesbians—you build your lives on rejecting men and declare war on any woman who refuses to do the same . . ." Of course, the use of "all" detracts considerably from her argument, since "all" lesbians can never be considered together on any matter, but certainly there are *some* lesbians who harangue straight women for relating to men, and I have always thought their behavior detrimental to our movement as a whole. Lesbians don't want to be told not to relate to women. Why do they think it justifiable to dictate choices to non-lesbian women?

Literary transgressing aside, there is considerable food for thought in *Between Friends*. I found myself agreeing at times with each individual and disagreeing at other times with each individual. That kind of openmindedness is very difficult to maintain in life and in judging other people's work.

I wish I could urge you to run out and purchase this book for a "good read," but I can't do that. What I can say is that if you would like to read some interesting essays showing different political stances with regard to lesbianism and feminism, you might find reading this book a rewarding experience.

The worst single aspect of *Between Friends* was its inability to touch me, its lack of any person with whom I could identify or about whom I could care. The book was emotionally and artistically unsatisfying, but it made me think. I wish, however, that if Hanscombe writes another book, she writes a book of essays or a novel, not one that masquerades as the other.

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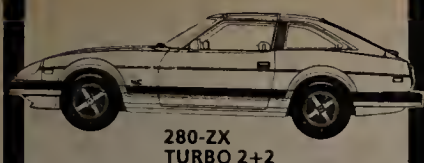
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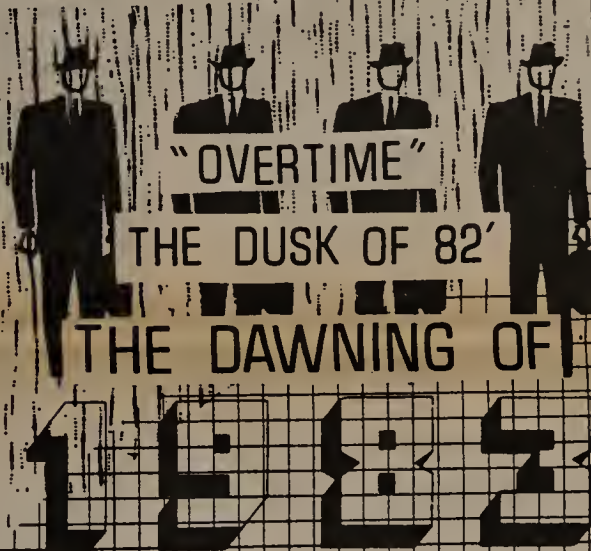
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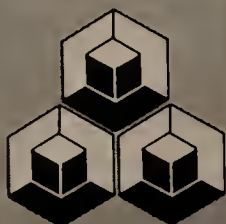
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A Woman's Own The Joys of Family Life

Chapter three

By Andrea Loewenstein

In our last episode, high school English teacher Claire Engelham-burger and her therapist friend, Lillian Beagle complained about the hassle of holidays and the hazzards of the lesbian community, while an ear infection confined Claire's seventeen-year old student, Marcie Linguini, to her bed and the comforts of fantasy.

"This gahbage 'aint healthy!" Marcie's Dad's voice, squaling with rage, woke her up Saturday morning. "What I wanna know is, who's introducing the kid to this kinda gahbage? Don't try and tell me she's picking up gahbage like this on her own!"

"Now Hairy, you'll wake up the kids," purred Marcie's Mom, the pacifier. "Anyway, why don't you just shut up? If Marcie wants to explore, good for her. I wish I'd explored a little more at her age."

"Yah call this explorin'?" "I call it gahbage." And Dad began to read aloud out of *Twins To the Core*, the book Marcie'd found at a yard sale and hid under her pillow.

"And then Judith Ann reached her nubile young tongue into the pulsing wetness of her twin's ravaging throb."

"In my opinion it's that dyke schoolteacher she's got that's passing this gahbage on to our kids. I'll have you know I called the school yesterday to make a report. That's probably who gave her that so-called ear infection. Everyone knows them preverts transmit disease. I was just reading about it in the *Natural Imposter!* Droppin' like flies right and left, them faggots. That's what they get from screwin' in them toilet bowls. Lot of unAmerican gahbage if you ask me!

"Hairy Linguini, if you use the word garbage one more time I'm going to leave this house and never come back. No wonder Marcie's turning into a lesbian with a man like you around. I'll have to think about joining her myself."

As Marcie heard the door slam and the car peel out, her small but active hart plumped to the very root of her wisdom teeth. How was she 'sposed to get to Woman's Own with no wheels? She looked in on her little brother Skipper's room, but he was still fast asleep, the air around his tender body thick with the fumes of poppers, marijuanna, and other foul hard and soft drugs and his copy of

"Bondage and Brute's" still clutched in his sticky little hands. Boys!! She decided to walk over to Nicki's house and see if Nicki's Mom would let them take her car.

But Mrs. Trout flailed her flipper at Marcie and wouldn't even let her in the door. "Your Dad's told me you joined some sort of nude bathing plan for homosexuals? Well, I can tell you right now my Nicole will have nothing to do with such goings on! I never heard of such a thing!"

As young Marcie Linguine fled, towel and soap in innocent white paw, little did the young girl guess of the life of exclusion, misery and viscious depravity so typical of the invert's lot, that stretched before her untried feet. How could she know that the path to "A Woman's Own", now so eagerly trod by her lavender 'Jocko' running shoes had been worn down to the very cuticle by generations of Our Kind before her, only to vanish into the dust? And, to make matters worse, big flakes of snow began to fall on the meagerly dressed young girls' shoulders, who so bravely held her thumb out like an offering by the side of the rode.

"I'll probably get kidnapped and raped and tortured, that's all," Marcie thought. "Then they'll be sorry." she got out her new velveteen diary and made a quick entry.

This is my last will and Testament, by Marcia S. Linguini, made when I was standing by the road after my parents kicked me out for being gay. I'm in sane mind and body and I leave everything I have to my beloved teacher, Claire Engelham-burger. And I forgive my parents for they knew not what they did.

WARD, RIZZO & LUND

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Ellen Grabiner

Just in case the rapists didn't kill her all the way, though, she'd ask them to let her out at a phone booth and call Miss Engelham-burger. "Claire," — she'd pant, "Everything's getting cold" And then she'd slump inside the booth with only her lavender towel trailing outside like a beacon of hope for Miss Engelham-burger to find her and take her home and put her to bed in her own bed just in time for Christmas and to live happily for every and ever

Friday Child took the curves in the road fast, fuming steamily to herself. If she couldn't calm down and quick, her first massage client at A Woman's Own was going to get something different than the gentle rub she'd bargained for, complete with knowing looks from Friday's big brown eyes.

"You store tension right here in your right elbow, don't you. I can feel it yearning for release." That was the kind of bullshit they loved to hear and the kind she was more than ready to dish out, most days, in return for the proper fee. But she and her love, Pony High-jumper, had had a fight to beat all fights over the breakfast table. Pony wanted Friday to come home with her over Christmas to meet the Folks.

"They're really alright, Fry," she kept on insisting over and over again. "They're just dying to meet you. When I came out to them they went and joined 'Parents Stuck with Gay Kids' the very next day. And when I wrote home about you my mother joined a 'Perfecting Racism Techniques' workshop that same week, to prepare herself for the visit.

"Let her find someone else to perfect her techniques on," Friday'd snarled. "You can count me out." And she'd driven off, leaving Pony with a wounded look on her thoroughbred little muzzle. Obviously, this was one more relationship that was on its last legs. But shit, Christmas was a terrible time to break up. And Pony's parents weren't her fault, any more than it was Friday's fault that her parents hadn't treated her like their child ever since she'd told them that she'd seen the light and was rejecting Western medicine and men, both.

"We saved and worked so you could go to medical school and make us proud," her mother'd told her. "Not so you could make like a fool with some kind of witch doctoring stuff. And you the one that was s'posed to be so smart! At least Shirley knew enough to go to a man that could get her a baby, not some little-titty white girl don't know her ass from her elbow!"

The bitterness that always seemed to fill Friday up these days around Christmas time was hot in her mouth. When she saw the kid

Continued on page 9

Music

Boston Gay Men's Chorus

Inspiring Community

"December Songs"

Boston Gay Men's Chorus in concert at Arlington Street Church, Boston, December 12, 1982.

By George Fulginiti-Shakar

My first indication of the kind of night it was to be was the length of the waiting line. Down the steps, along Arlington to Newbury Street and round the corner and down four stores. And not single file, mind you. Three to four abreast — mostly men — the vast majority white — and all looking like they were glad to be there. Inside, the church was packed, eventually it was a SRO crowd. Excited, I watched as the chorus finally entered, single file. Next came the pianist Robert D. LeClair, and finally Music Director, Lee Ridgway. The entire time that it took all 75 members to enter, the audience applauded, warmly and constantly. Certainly this was an act of homage. Anticipation set in.

The first selection "Cantate Domino" came and went. Some intonation and balance problems, but a nice sound. The second selection, "Mah Tov & Benediction" featured a fine soloist (who was not mentioned in the program) but a rather uninspired chorus. I was still waiting for the juice. The chorus had learned their parts technically, but their performance seemed relatively lackluster for the supportive atmosphere in which the concert was taking place.

The chorus seemed little aware of its repertoire's significance in context — an all gay men's choir with a predominantly gay audience. In "Choose Something Like a Star" for example, the line "We may choose something like a star to set our eyes on and be saved" was surely an opportunity missed. A line that could have touched our hearts more deeply was sung over. True, the gay significance of the line may not have been in the mind of the composer, but it was a moment that could have been filled with subtlety, like the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus' rendition of "We Kiss in a Shadow." Similarly, "Winter Wonderland"

was perfect for added interpretation — some snow falling, some swaying in time with the music, even a revolving stage. Whether or not these devices were available (I think not), I didn't feel that the chorus knew the potential camp value of this number. Director Ridgway apparently did not wish to push any such contextual interpretation.

And yet the feeling of gayness in the chorus' sound would not be denied. Some choristers smiled. The audience beamed. It was clear that this audience deeply felt the significance of this event. We felt the campy and romantic undertones as well. The chorus handled the difficult harmonies well in this song, and the enunciation was very fine, as it was throughout the night.

Let me make it clear at this point that I absolutely am a supporter of the chorus. The work required from their inception in February to their first concert in June with 52 members, was enormous. And now in only their second full concert at 75 strong they are an impressive sight. Most importantly, they combine a political purpose with a musical purpose. I wish to take nothing away from them. I do hope to add something — Heart. They need a little more of that — expressions on faces, sparkle coming from the eyes, subtle physical involvement — all will help give the chorus a stronger presence. The burden lies with Director Ridgway to build on his technical expertise and successes to inspire the group with both his conducting technique and his emphasis in rehearsals.

The Gay Men's Cabaret portion of the performance really took off. This small 12 person ensemble came out dancing dressed in colorful vests and hats. They looked delightful. Robert LeClair wore a sports coat that was just radiant with glitter. Here was the spark that had been missing with the full chorus earlier.

The whole audience got so carried away with clapping and whooping that we almost drowned them out. "Santa Baby" had to be one of the hits of the night with

a great performance by a chorister (again, unnamed in the program). Coy, enticing, and well-sung, it was a selection which really affirmed and celebrated being gay. This was just what I'd been waiting for. Now, I don't mean to say that all numbers should be camp style. I do believe that the selections need to have some relevance to our lives, whether it's the composer, the style, the relevance or familiarity of the lyrics to a gay audience. Classical music, too, can have relevance in so far as it is done with emotional dynamics as well as technical underpinning.

After intermission, the chorus returned in full, sporting color bowties (a welcome change from the all black bow tie formal look of the first half). The voices were definitely warmed up now and richer sounding. The nervousness was gone. They seemed to believe that we really *did* like them. But still there was a humorlessness in their interpretation. When "Deck the Halls" came by, and the Fa la la las were done absolutely flatly, I wondered if they were having any fun at all. Even the final phrases of Beethoven's "Hallelujah" "Praise, the Lord is Holy. Praise with songs of joy . . .", were empty.

The audience gave the chorus a standing ovation. A room filled with strong, loving gay men, with a generous sprinkling of women, elders and kids. We have so much to be proud of — we were applauding *our* existence as well as that of the chorus. One of the encores from "Fame" the line comes round and round that "in time we will all be stars," giving us the kind of inspiration missing earlier. Finally the chorus itself had broken its own boundaries, showing its true potential.

This chorus has the opportunity and talent to inspire and delight our entire community. It will not be easy, for along with endless rehearsals on details, *each* member must be willing to inspire others. The Boston Gay Men's Chorus is surrounded by a community that not only supports their work — it needs it too.

Ten

Continued from page 6

lease in February. Some older favorites dropped by in a medley, a fitting nod to a past that brought them brilliantly to here.

The concert was produced by Betty Rowland, who will also produce the live album. Tret Fure worked as the associate producer. Virginia Giordano, who is familiar for her Women on Stage series of concerts in New York City, acted as East Coast Coordinator for the event.

A final thought: Amidst a veritable sea of tuxedos, one had to ponder that age old fashion question: Do women dress for themselves or do they dress for other women?

as they climbed the stairs to Woman's Own.

"So you see it's not all about this teacher of yours," Friday finished explaining. "It's about you, and they're a lot of fine women out there in the world, waiting for you." Together, bitterness and dour fantasies vanquished, they paused to read Ida Littleneck's latest effort, posted on the bulletin board.

Let the swimmer find her pool,
Let the donkey find the mule.
Let the shopper find the shelf
Let the Santa find his elf.
Be you Christian, be you Jew—
Happy holiday to you!

"One of my better ones, if I say so myself," Ida commented reprehensibly, as she laid a proprietary hand on Friday's shoulder. "Time for my massage, I believe?"

Note to the Reader: It is not too late to see your own ideas in these very pages two weeks from now. Send all suggestions to the author care of GCN today! For her help and support with this week's episode the author thanks Carolyn Slack.

A Woman's Own

Continued from page 8

standing in the road talking to herself and waving that purple towel around like some kind of nut case she was about to pass her right by until she recognized the little dyke that had almost frozen her but off the other day at the pool at Woman's Own, swimming up and down waiting for her English teacher to rescue her or some damn fool thing. There was something about Marcie that made Friday want to laugh or cry, or maybe both at the same time. It could've been the way she made Friday remember a certain other little dyke, about fifteen years ago, that used to come down with a new ailment every week so she could spend a few precious minutes with the school nurse, Miss Patawket . . . Who had taken her home one day Senior year, and introduced her to her 'friend' Miss Bass, and told her that there were other women, like them, who rather live together than with a man, and there wasn't nothing wrong with it, not if that's who you were.

"Get in," she told Marcie. "You wouldn't be heading to the pool by any chance?" They were still talking twenty minutes later,

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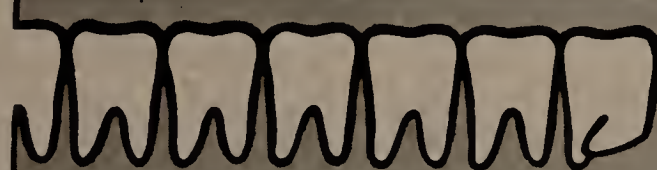
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TO ALL THOSE WHO' IN AND OUT OF PRISON FIGHT AGAINST THEIR BONDAGE (Alexander Berkman, Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist).



Gay woman needs someone to write to, to help pass the lonely days and nights. If interested write to LuAnn PERCOSKIE, #150953, Box 307, Lowell, FL 32663

Two females interested in writing all serious minded people with good conversation. Will exchange photos. Not allowed to receive mail from another institution. Glynda PHILLIPS, #104694, Leila PROCK, #105770, c/o Mabel BASSETT, Correctional Center, Box 11492, Okla City, OK 73136

Hi sisters. The days are long when you're inside, and having someone to write would help me a lot. Cale MORGANO, #45590A, Box 3400, Goodyear, AZ 85338

Interested in having a regular correspondence with either gay men or women on an intellectual, social, and intimate level. Demitris POETE, #15619, Harrison A 602L, Frontera, CA 91720



NOTE TO PEOPLE WHO WRITE PRISONERS: If you get no response (rare) from writing one of the prisoners, it may be because he/she has been moved to another prison (and they don't usually forward mail!). One of prisons' main ways to destroy attempts by prisoners to defend themselves with lawsuits and to form "unions" and social support networks generally is to keep moving the "troublemakers" (the type that read GCN, for example) from one prison to another. It is also a form of punishment for activism to move them away from where their families and friends live.

I am in Susanville Conservation Center doing time for perjury and am seeking penpals. William R. HATCHER, Box 2210, C45438-7306, Susanville, CA 96130

Presently wounded with the confusion and heartache of existence in prison, am looking for someone who will help me dig my way up to the sunlight. Clint WATSON, 903910, Box 316, Fort Madison IA 52627.

Seeking correspondence with a mature, warm and understanding person. Kindness, compassion, sincerity, have no height, weight or color. Kenneth WALLACE, #039873-1415, Box 1100, Avon Park, FL 33825

Transvestite, full-blooded Chippewa Indian, I only ask that you be sincere with me, as I'm lonely for a man who can hold me and love me. Patrick (Patricia) REITER, #127553, Box E, Jackson, MI 49204

My name is Jimmy, I am 23 and in prison, have been for over four yrs, hope to be out soon. I am 6' with hazel eyes, brn hr and very lonely. Does anyone care? I need friendship, maybe a relationship? I'm very yng looking in to bdybldng, horses, jogging. James SIPES #39790-066, F-Unit, Box 300, Ray, Brook, NY 12977

I am 29 yrs old looking for serious correspondence. Am open minded and truthful. Anyone who would write will be deeply appreciated as I'm in prison and don't have family or friends. Please write to me? Anthony L. WILSON #138-647, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001

Black gay male seeks correspondence and possible friends. My hobbies are writing, reading, music and knitting. Not looking for a dollar, just someone to ease the loneliness. Fred MERRITT, L-2-N-13, #061462, P.O. Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

Desire correspondence with highly feminine gays and TVs. Searching for that special someone. Age, race no barrier. Robert (Bunny) BARRETT, #76-C-197, Box 367, Dannemore, NY 12929

Looking for a slim young man to perform with me in my Magic Balancing Clown Act for the year 83 or 84. No experience necessary. Marvin MATTHOW, #80A3607, Box 307, Beacon, NY 12508

I am a feminine passive bi-sexual transvestite, 6'1" brn curly hr, blue eyes and my measurements are 38-29-36, very lonely desperately seek penpals M and F please write Johnnie HELLE #112671, 777 Riverside Dr., Ionia, Michigan

I am a gay inmate seeking gay penpals. Please write Avery G. LAWSON #071609, Box #1564, Avon Park, Fla., 33825

Blonde hr. green eyes, 6'2", 202 lbs. Seek penpals all cultures, no games will answer all who care. James L. MARTIN, Box 97-96458, McAlester, OK 74501.

GM age 42 heavy build interested in martial arts read S.F. and listen to old masters. Moving to SF, CA upon release. Looking for one on one relationship. Will answer all letters. Bernard P. DORAN #17087, Box 7000, Carson City, NV 89702

Lover of life interested in corresponding with all caring and understanding people M or F until my release. I enjoy most sports and all sensual activity. Please write Ray HUNTLEY, Box 316-104343, Fort Madison, IA 52627

I am a gay 23 yr old man frm western NY state area who has been incarcerated in California fr 3 yrs for having consensual sex w/a minor. Hope to get out next yr. I'd like to correspond w/anyone, teenagers or adults as I don't get much mail and wld like to hear frm the outside wrld. David CARR, 3102 East Highland Ave., Unit N23, Patton, CA 92369

Latin male looking for a friend to write and talk to about anything and everything. Please write to Johnny GONZALEZ, Box B-79330, Repressa CA 95671.

Prisoners Seeking Friends

Just for our info here at the Prisoner Project, people inside or out, who feel they've been treated badly should send their lamentations, complaints and other stories to GCN Prisoner Project, 167 Tremont St., Boston MA 02111. Don't expect replies or solutions. We're just looking for patterns that will help keep the penpal space active and a good place to meet some amazing people (people with convictions!!). Thanks.

I like camping, hiking, jogging, reading and music. I'm a vegetarian who enjoys cooking. Looking for a serious relationship with helpful understanding person. Marvin DANSBY, #167-164, Box 57, Marion, OH 43302

Enjoy your paper. I have been gay for a long time and would like to find a lover to be with. Arthur CUNNEEN, Box 43, NRU, Norfolk, MA 02056

I'm not gay but know quite a few gays. Am interested in numerology and astrology. Thomas JACKSON, Box 3249, Monroe, LA 71210

I was 30 last Sept. 26, but like wine I get better with age (smile). I'm sending a picture. You said to stay hot so I took my shirt off ... would have took off more but the pigs here don't play that shit. Insecure of their manhood I guess. Please see if you can hook me up with someone who doesn't have anything against prisoners. Thanks a bunch! Giuseppe TOCCO, 107073, Box 779, Marquette, MI 49855.

I don't know what the free world is like right now. Maybe you can tell me so I won't be so alone a year from now. Luke MORING, #483543, Box 518, Zephyrhills, FL 33599

A lot of people say I am very good looking. I will be getting out soon. Please write. Thanks and love. Stanley DEHOLLANDER, #162388, 747 W. Riverside Dr., Ionia, MI 48846



I'm in a minimum security facility. GM seeking penpals. 6'2 1/2" 190 lbs shrt hr beard hairy chest and whatever else. I'm in a position to be paroled but don't have any place to parole to so I'll probably remain here until release next Nov. Dennis JONES 76944, Box 999/S.C.C., Canon City, CO 81212

GM 30 yrs old will answer all letters written to me by anyone who cares to write. Any age or race is fine. I'm very lonely in this mad house. Donald McBenge #263643, Box 520-M.S.B., Walla Walla, WA 99362-0520

Out of 20,000,000 people out there isn't there just one who could care enough to write me and another gay friend. We really do need someone. Thanks. Charles Cuevas Unit C27-46700, Parchman MS 38738; Thoman AVERHART, Unit C-27-44107 Parchman MS 38738

GM very lonely would appreciate someone writing to me. Melvin PARKHAM #M-3491, Drawer R. Huntington, PA 16652

I'm very lonely. I'm gay love the outdoors, sex, disco, movies, quiet evenings at home. I'm 28 yrs old. Joe MORA Bld. 9 (A-D) #12482-008 Box 1000 Seagoville, TX 75159

30 yr old GM, lonely wants crrspndce frm any and all with emphasis on some type of eventual rltionshp. I'm extremely passive and into all fetishes, also am healthy. Will answer all. Keith V. CAPEZIO #C39376, Rm. 6298, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0001



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Calendar

weekly events

sunday

Boston, MA — Boston Alliance of Gay and Lesbian Youth (BAGLY) drop-in center for youth 22 and under from 3:30-5pm at Evangelist Church, 35 Bowdoin St. (Beacon Hill). Info: 497-8282. Please send all BAGLY mail to: GCN, Box 10GY.

Boston, MA — Black and White Men Together of Boston meets at 2pm the second Sunday of the month at 57 E. Springfield St. (So. End). Info: Richard 247-3043 or Tom 536-3392.

Cambridge, MA — Overeaters Anonymous, lesbian meeting. Old Cambridge Baptist Church, 1151 Mass Ave. Sun eves 7:30 pm, DOB office.

Framingham, MA — Tricounty Assoc. (Framingham, Milford, Franklin area). Social and support group for gay and lesbian community. meets Suns. Info: 376-4323 or 473-3529.

Boston, MA — "Musically speaking," women's music, ideas, announcements. WMBR, 88.1 FM. 1-3pm.

Boston, MA — Gay and Lesbian Physicians of New England. Second Sundays. 2pm. Info: (617) 482-6874 or 247-5485.

Boston, MA — Merrymount Music Society. Informal meetings and concerts for gay and lesbian musicians and music lovers. Info: 266-9423.

Boston, MA — "Sharing Voices," a monthly potluck supper and open reading for all women who write. First suns. Cauldron Experimental Theater, 22 Randolph St. (near Dover T Stop). 5pm Info: 542-8575.

Boston, MA — Boston's Other Voice. (WROR, FM 98.5) 11:30pm.

Orleans, MA — Shoreline, a social group alternative to the bars on Cape Cod, meets second Sundays. Info: Box 1614, Orleans, MA 02653.

Acton, MA — Central Middlesex Social Club meets at 7:30pm. Info: Carlton 486-8177. All are invited.

Concord, NH — Concord Area gay Youth. support group for youth 16-22, rap session and social time. Carpools & counseling available. Info: Scott or Joe 224-6931.

Keene, NH — Potlucks and other fun get-togethers for lesbians. First suns (2pm) and third Tues or Wed (6pm). Info: Keene Klon-dykes. Box 261, Gilsum NH 03448.

Central VT — Central Vermont Gay Men (CVGM) meets first Sun. of the month for socializing, business and a meal. Info: Box 42, Barre, 05641.

Orono, ME — Wilde-Stein Club. Social/support group for lesbians and gay men. Informal, friendly and open meetings. Peabody Lounge, 3rd fl. Memorial Union, UMO. 7pm.

coming events

Cambridge, MA — Cambridge Women's School is looking for new women to help continue its political education programs for the women's community. Friends of the school are offering a 4 week orientation to discuss activist politics and the collective process. Info: Cambridge Women's Center, 46 Pleasant St. 354-8807.

Boston, MA — Walt Whitman Exhibition (memorabilia, manuscripts, correspondence, etc.) on display thru Feb. 11 at Mugar Memorial Library, 771 Comm. Ave. FREE. 9am-5pm. Mon-Fri. Info: 353-3728.

Boston, MA — Free VD Info and referrals to state run clinics with free exams and treatment. (They do ask for donations sometimes.) Call 1-800-272-2577, Mon-Fri 8am-10pm.

Boston, MA — *The Second Wave*, a feminist journal of radical politics and literature, is opening its collective to new members. We are diverse in class backgrounds and age but we would especially welcome women of color, lesbian, heterosexual and bisexual, with radical and anti-racist politics. Experience or interest in one or more of the following would be good: layout, graphics, advertising, grant-writing, fundraising, sales and distribution, and editorial work. We are open to different levels of time commitment. Info: Sally 232-0117.

Northern VT/NH — League of Gays (LOGS) meets third suns. Info: (802) 626-3618 or write: Box 703, St. Johnsbury VT 05819.

monday

Portsmouth, NH — Seacoast Gay Men. 7pm. Info: P.O. Box 1394, Portsmouth 03801.

Norhampton, MA — Open Gay Men's Rap Group sponsored by Pioneer Valley Gay People's Alliance. 7-9pm. People's Institute, 38 Gothic St. Info: (413) 584-7903.

Nashua, NH — Nashua Area Gays meet 8pm. Info: Tony 424-3252, or write: Nashua Area Gays, Box 3472, Nashua 03061.

Portsmouth, NH — Diagnosis and treatment of sexually transmitted diseases. Men and women. NH Feminist Health Center, 232 Court St. 5-6:30pm. Mon. eves. Info: (603) 436-7588.

tuesday

Cambridge, MA — Lesbian SM support group. Every Tues. 7:30pm. Info: 776-7957. Open to lesbians supportive of or into SM.

Boston, MA — Lesbian and bisexual women's SM support group. Safe, non-competitive space for women of all levels of experience to share political and personal aspects of our sexuality. 131 Cambridge St. 7:30pm Info: Hathor 623-7258.

Cambridge, MA — Daughters of Bilitis. Discussion and social group. Old Cambridge Baptist Church, 1151 Mass. Ave. (Harv. Sq.) 8pm. Tuesdays and Thursdays. Info: 661-3633.

Pittsfield, MA — Berkshire County Gay Coalition meets 2nd and 4th Tues. Info: (413) 442-7772.

Hartford, CT — Greater Hartford Lesbian and Gay Task Force meets at Hill Ctr., 350 Farmington Ave. 7pm (First Tues.) Info: 249-7691.

Manchester, NH — Manchester Men's Group, weekly support group for gay and bisexual men, meets Tuesdays at 7:30pm for coffee and discussion. Info: Joe (603) 224-6931.

New London, CT — New London Gay Men's Forum, support group for gay and bisexual men. Info: 447-0155 (Noon to 7pm).

Portland, ME — Gay/Lesbian Alcoholics Anonymous meeting at First Parish, Unitarian. 425 Congress St. 8 pm. Open to all.

Brattleboro, VT — Southern Vermont Lesbian and Gay Men's Coalition meets on the second Tuesday of the month at the Common Ground Restaurant. 25 Elliot St. 7:30pm.

wednesday

Boston, MA — Fathers in Transition, a group of gay/bi fathers meeting Weds. for friendship and support. Info: Exodus Ctr. 266-0612, or write: Fathers in Transition, c/o GCN Box 6, 167 Tremont St., Boston, MA 02111.

Boston, MA — Boston Alliance of Gay and Lesbian Youth (BAGLY). New persons' meeting 6:30pm; general meeting and group discussion 7-9pm. For youth 22 and under. Evangelist Church, 35 Bowdoin St. (Beacon Hill) Info: 497-8282.

Boston, MA — Boston Gay Men's Chorus meets every Wed from 7-10pm at the YWCA, 140 Clarendon St. (So. End). Info: 625-3247.

dec 28 tues

Boston, MA — "Boy Meets Boy" extended run! Fabulous spoof on Romantic Love and Beauty! Don't miss it! YWCA Studio Theater, 140 Clarendon St. (Copley Square). Showing on these dates (Dec. 23, 24, 28, 29 & 30) at 8pm, and on these dates (Dec. 19 & 26) at 6pm. Info: 497-5547. It's fun.

29 wed

Boston, MA — "Boy Meets Boy." See 28 tues above.

30 thurs

Boston, MA — "Boy Meets Boy." See 28 tues above.

Boston, MA — Chiltern Mt. Club. New Year's Ski Weekend. Info: Josh (617) 232-6577.

31 fri

Boston, MA — The Saints Collective New Year's Eve Party. New England Women's Gym, 46 Waltham St. (So. End). 8pm.

Cambridge, MA — Let go on New Year's Eve with Amethyst Women. Dance at Old Cambridge Baptist Church, 1151 Mass Ave. (Harvard Square). 9pm on. \$6 (more/less). Free childcare (bring your own toys). This is a drug and alcohol free event for recovering alcoholic lesbians and all their women friends.

Cambridge, MA — Boston National Organization for Women (NOW) Lesbian Rights Task Force meets 4th Wed. of month at 99 Bishop Allen Dr. (Central Sq.) Plan lobbying, public educ. and consciousness raising. Info: 661-6015.

Boston, MA — Walk-in VD screening and treatment for and by gay men. 6:30-8pm. Fenway Community Health Center, 16 Haviland St. (near Auditorium stop). 267-7573.

Boston, MA — Lunchtime for lesbians. Isolated during the workday downtown? Interested in a lunchtime hangout/discussion group? Come to 80 Boylston St. Rm 855 (corner Boylston and Tremont). Noon. Info: 542-5188.

Boston, MA — Lesbian and Gay Media Advocates (LAGMA) meeting. 7:30-9:30pm. New members welcome. Help make the media more responsive to our needs. Info: 542-5679.

Cambridge, MA — Lesbian "coming out" group, new weekly open rap group, is now meeting at Cambridge Women's Center, 46 Pleasant St. (Central Sq.) 8-10pm. Info: 354-8807.

Cambridge, MA — Daughters of Bilitis. 35+ women's discussion and social group. Old Cambridge Baptist Church, 1151 Mass. Ave. 8pm. Second Wed. and last Fri. of each month.

Hyannis, MA — Lesbian Support Group meets first Wed. of every month. 7:30pm. New members welcome. Orientation, social meetings. Warren Women's Center, 298 Main St. Info: 771-6739.

Nashua, NH — Greater Nashua Area of NH Lambda sponsors speakers and/or raps on the second Wed. and 4th Thurs. of each month. 7pm. Business meetings on first Sats. 5pm. Info: (603) 889-1416.

Bridgewater, MA — South Shore Gay and Lesbian Alliance meets Weds. Info: 584-4997.

Hartford, CT — Lesbian AA meeting Hill Ctr., 350 Farmington Ave. 8pm. Info: (203) 232-9737 or 742-8203.

Providence, RI — Transvestite/transsexual meetings. 8pm. Info: 272-9247.

Hampden County, MA — Social/Support Group for Lesbians. 8pm. Info: Debbie 532-5878 or Julie 532-4959.

thursday

Boston, MA — Boston Area Lesbian and Gay History Project. 7:30pm. Info: 424-1993.

Somerville, MA — TV/TS Peer Support Group. Gender Clinic. Info: Martha 666-8280.

Norhampton, MA — Pioneer Valley Gay People's Alliance now forming. First and Third Thursdays. Info: (413) 586-5979.

Nashua, NH — Greater Nashua Area of New Hampshire Lambda. See above Wednesdays/Nashua NH.

Cambridge, MA — Lesbian Liberation, an open discussion group. 8-10pm. Women's Center, 46 Pleasant St. Info: 354-8807.

Cambridge, MA — Lesbian Mothers, a new support group for women dealing with the issues of being a lesbian mother. Women's Center, 46 Pleasant St. 8-10 pm. Info: 354-8807 (Diane or Sandy).

jan 5 wed

Cambridge, MA — Women's Center informal weekly discussion groups. This week's topic: relationships. 46 Pleasant St. 8pm Info: 354-8807.

6 thurs

Boston, MA — "Gay Youth," program presented by Up Close on WGBH, Channel 2. 8:30pm.

Boston, MA — GCN proofreading. Call 426-4469 for details.

Nashua, NH — Lambda. Second Wed. and Fourth Thurs. Info: (603) 889-1416.

7 fri

Boston, MA — Gay Community News Volunteer Night. Come help send out the paper. No experience necessary. Food and good company. 167 Tremont St. Come anytime after 6 and stay as long or as short as you like. Call from Dunkin' Donuts on first floor or street phone nearby if downstairs door is locked. 426-4469. Thanks.

Cambridge, MA — Am Tikva. Sabbath Service and discussion. "Children in our lives." 312 Memorial Dr. 8pm. Dessert potluck. Info: 782-8894.

Boston, MA — Chiltern Mt. Club. Mountaineering and avalanche courses. Info: Josh (617) 232-6577 (h), or 726-8653 (w).

Cambridge, MA — Lesbians with children. Support group. 8-10pm. Cambridge Women's Center, 46 Pleasant St. 354-8807.

New London, CT — Lesbian and Gay community at Connecticut College weekly meeting. Discussion, planning and outreach 9pm. Fanning Hall Rm 412. Info: 442-7458.

friday

BOSTON, MA — GAY COMMUNITY NEWS (THAT'S US!) ALWAYS NEEDS HELP SENDING OUT THE PAPER ON FRIDAY EVES. COME BY FOR A FEW HOURS TO OUR NEW SPACE AT 167 TREMONT (ON THE COMMON, NEAR BOYLSTON T STOP) ANYTIME AFTER 6 AND LEND A HAND. REFRESHMENTS AND GOOD TIMES! EVERY BODY WILL COME! INFO: 426-4469, THANKS!

Hartford, CT — Your Turf, a weekly drop-in center for lesbian and gay teenagers. 7-9pm at the Hill Center, 350 Farmington Ave. (upstairs). Sponsored by the Coalition of Sexual Minorities.

Pittsfield, MA — Weekly meetings of Lesbians United. Info: Women's Services center, 499-2425.

Concord, NH — Concord's Men's Group meets Fridays at 7:30pm for coffee and discussion. 67 Thorndike St. Info: Joe 224-6931.

Providence, RI — Rhode Island Gay and Lesbian Youth meets every Sat. from 1-5pm for youth 14-21 years of age. Info: MCC 272-9247 or Gay Helo Line 751-3322 (eves).

Cambridge, MA — Amazon Lesbian Al-Anon. Mt. Auburn Hosp. (Living room, Clark Bldg.) 8-9:30pm. Newcomers meeting from 7:30-8pm on the last Friday only.

Boston, MA — Chiltern Mt. Club. Regularly scheduled sports and outdoors events. General info: John 275-1336; Linda 734-4066; John 864-0823. Volleyball: Jay 262-4896; Basketball: Kieran 232-7229.

Boston, MA — Front Runners Boston, gay and lesbian running group. Info: 825-0181.



David Storm

Boston, MA — Glad Fridays presents Charles Nelson reading from *The Boy Who Picked Up Bullets*. Glad Day Books, 43 Winter St. (Park St. T stop). 8pm. \$2.

8 sat

Cambridge, MA — Oasis presents Anne Caputi, singer/songwriter. Come share her magic and joy. "She's so glad she's a lesbian." Doors open at 7:30pm and close at 8 for the performance. New Words basement, 186 Hampshire St. (Inman Sq., Central Sq. T stop). Benefit for relocating Oasis. \$5.

10 mon

Boston, MA — Boston Lesbian and Gay Political Alliance 1983 election meeting. UMass/Park Square, corner Arlington and Stuart Sts. (Room 222). Also financial report and open discussion of 1983 Boston city elections. 7:30pm.

11 tues

Beverly, MA — NSGLA Lesbian and Gay Health Issues. First Parish Church. 7:30-9:30pm.

The deadline for Calendar items is Monday at noon for the following issue.....